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THE CAUSE.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul."

The Cause is looking up. It is being advocated in the Fiji Islands, and has won the adherence of Mr. R. H. Williams of Beacon (significant name!), Iowa, of Mr. D. W. La Rue of East Stroudsberg, Pennsylvania, and of several other doubtless equally estimable persons. We gather these interesting and hopeful facts from the last number of the "Simplified Spelling Bulletin," which is the official organ of the Cause, and which will be sent regularly to any address for an annual subscription of ten cents. Another cheering announcement is that the Chicago Numismatic Society has seen the light—a flash-light, in this case, which took a "fotograf" of the numismatists assembled at a banquet, where the menu provided them with roast spring "lam" and "mince sauce." Of even more thrilling interest is the announcement that a student at Columbia University in the department of chemistry has published his doctoral dissertation in simplified spelling. His subject is "Derivativs of 4-Hydroxy-5-Nitro-Quinazoline," which seems to us a fairly harmless application of the reform.

The author of the above diverting essay may be as yet unknown to fame, but that cannot be said of Sir William Ramsay, who is, we believe, now in Texas as a foreign representative of "siens" at the inaugural ceremonies of the Rice Institute. He has recently, it seems, addressed himself to the readers of an English educational journal in the following cabalistic terms: "Let every teecher hu reedz theez lienz ov mien tri and convins herself hou eezy iz this nyu speling. . . . It is the jeneraishonz ov children tu cum hu apeel tu us tu saiv them from the aflicshon which we hav endyuerd and forgoten." We like particularly that weird word "jeneraishonz," which must be a joy forever to anyone who can remember how to spell it. But as we scan this brief quotation of forty-three words, of which nearly two-thirds are unknown to the dictionary, and try to read it aloud, giving the letters the values that we instinctively attach to them, we discover that just one-half of the deformed spellings indicate a pronunciation which is distinctly *not* that of the cultivated user of the English language. For example, how does

the writer reconcile his "siens," "lienz," and "mien"? And how are his readers to know that the initial vowels in "apeel" and "aflicshen" are short? The Cause is welcome to these phonetic vagaries, but they do not exactly commend it to the judicious.

Elsewhere, Sir William Ramsay is quoted as saying: "It is objected that with the new system people would not all spell the same way. But does it really matter so long as what is written is understandable?" We should think "decipherable" a better adjective, but let that pass. The result at which Sir William hints is amplified in the leading article of the "Bulletin," which opens as follows: "One of the delites of a modernized English spelling will be the new era of discovery that it will open to the readers of letters and books. They will often find out, for the first time in their lives, how the writers whose books they read, and how their correspondents whose voices they have not heard, pronounce their words. At present readers have to *gess* how the authors pronounce. No doubt they gess correctly, in most cases; but they do not *know*." The writer of this astonishing plea says truly, later on, that "a vista is opend." "O, vistas infinite unfold!" says Brand to the Dean, who is expounding to him the true philosophy of religion. Hitherto, we have left this sort of license to the amateurs of dialect, who have alternately bored and puzzled us to the limit of endurance, but we have not *had* to read them. In the good time coming, it seems, everybody who writes will devise for his words spellings *ad hoc*, in accordance with some occult phonetic system of his own. By way of illustrating the nice derangement of epitaphs which will follow from this practice, we are given the following examples: "isyu (ishu, ishyu)," and "tordz (toewerdz, toerdz)." We should doubtless also get "ishoe," "toardz," and many others, wondering all the time what the writer was trying to say. The example of the ingenious person who showed that "scimitar" might be spelled in we forget how many ways stands as a solemn warning against indulgence in this happy-go-lucky practice, which is gravely recommended to us as a saver of time for school children and an economizer of energy for the adult brain.

In an unguarded moment, the Bulletin admits that the Cause "invites humor, and indeed makes it inevitable." Its sponsors, we are told, "have more fun with spelling, simplified and unsimplified, than any other class of human beings." An exhibit of this playful spirit is made in several instances. Does the man who issued the Edict of Oyster Bay six years ago need to be defended from criticism as a backslider because his "African Game Trails" is written in dictionary words, the defence is found in obedience to the scriptural injunction, "Authors, obey your publishers in the Lord, lest they turn again and rend you." This is fairly side-splitting. The word "manœuvres" provides an opportunity for much merry jesting. "If ten thousand American soldiers were opposed by twenty French soldiers, and if the victory of the American soldiers depended on their pronouncing *manœuvres* just as the twenty Frenchmen would, the whole ten thousand would be left gloriously ded on the field of battle, while the twenty heroic Frenchmen would roll their tungs in triumf." It seems that even Webster does not take enough liberties with this word, because he feebly compromises on "maneuver," whereas the free-born American calls it "manoover." If this be so, it is a grievous fault, paralleled only by the awful example of the New York "Evening Post" when it lapsed from grace in the spelling of "pronunciamiento" shortly after Mr. Godkin's death. To the charge that the spelling reformers are only "an unauthorized group of persons," we have a crushing rejoinder in the shape of a quotation from an English scholar anent Julius Cæsar: "The oldest part of the Tower is said to have been built by Julius Cæsar without any authority." Also the Pilgrim Fathers and the Signers and the Abolitionists were "unauthorized" groups of reformers. More than usually ponderous is the sarcasm expended upon a university teacher of English who, when asked if he had read the literature of the Simplified Spelling Board, replied irrelevantly: "No, I would rather read 'Cymbeline.'" This leads to an array of quotations from the play, all in the lawless orthography of 1600, such as the following:

> "When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment" [thru],

or as this:

> "Our very eyes,
> Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde."

Another quotation from "Cymbeline" seems to us more apt, as a suggestive commentary upon the Cause as a whole, than any of those given. It is brief and to the point: "The game is up." But it is perhaps too much to suppose that the game will be really "up" as long as the subsidy holds out.

ANOTHER LITERARY MARE'S-NEST.

Alas for the ingenuity of man! Simple truth, plain fact, recorded history do not please him. He must go behind the returns. He must suspect, surmise, invent, and out of the accepted data of the past weave himself a crazy-quilt pattern of his own. He is not going to be deceived by the disinterested liars of old times. He knows their business a great deal better than they did themselves. He can see through the millstones or milestones of the past, and they are not what they are supposed to be.

The standard, the paragon, of critical delusions woven by over-smartness,—the most prodigious fabric ever built without foundation,—is the theory of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. Against probability, against evidence, against certainty, it persists. James Spedding, who gave thirty years to the study of Bacon's life and works, for the sole purpose of rehabilitating and aggrandizing his hero, said of this theory: "I see no reason to suppose that Shakespeare did not write the plays. But if somebody else did, then I think I am in a position to say that it was not Lord Bacon." I have often thought that the French have wasted a good chance for a similar controversy in regard to Molière. Why do they not pool their issues, as it were,—form an intellectual Trust and put forth the claim to an all-accomplished genius in the person of Pascal? Pascal was the most learned and the most variously gifted man of his time in Europe. He was a metaphysician, mathematician, inventor, master of polite letters, and pupil of polite society. His father was a Judge, and he was brought up in ease and in the company of the best minds of his period. What is more likely than that he wrote the Molièresque comedies? That he had the power to do so is evident; for, while there is nothing to show that Lord Bacon could have written a single page of Shakespeare, the author of the "Provincial Letters" and the "Pensées" had the wit, the perception of character, the creative gift, the profound philosophy necessary to have written the plays ascribed to Molière. And the latter,—how does it stand with him? How is it possible that the son of a vulgar upholsterer, a strolling actor battered and beaten about the provinces for fifteen years,—how is it possible that he could have acquired the learning, the knowledge of society, the nobility of thought, and the depth of philosophy which the comedies display? It is true that Pascal died at a time when only two of Molière's Parisian successes had been produced; but it is easy to get around that difficulty. We have only to suppose that Pascal wrote the rest of the plays before and after his retirement to Port-Royal, and handed them over in bulk to Molière to be brought out as occasion required, and our theory is right and tight enough. That the French have not allowed such a theory to form and get headway, while the English have looked on stupified at the Baconian folly, would seem to prove that the former, beneath their surface extravagances, are entirely sane, while the latter under their veneer of common sense are essentially eccentric. And one form of English, and still more American, eccentricity is the excessive reverence paid to learning, and the disposition to rely upon the acquirer of information for all other good things. If we could only realize that, as far as literature at least is concerned, mere learning is the iron pyrites, the fool's gold, and natural parts are the true metal, then there would be an end of such delusions as the Baconian theory.

But let us leave the tormentors of Shakespeare to their fate, and turn to another "question" which seems to be looming up. Emily Brontë is the Sphinx of literature. A spirit so removedly reserved, so profoundly proud, yet so touched with tenderness,—her like can scarcely be found among the daughters of men. She was brave to temerity; she stood up to meet her death. And her work is not merely Amazon work—it is man's work. Every epithet which Matthew Arnold instinctively applied to her when he said that her soul

> "Knew no fellow for might,
> Passion, vehemence, grief,
> Daring, since Byron died,"

testifies to this male quality in her.

Accordingly, some years ago a Mr. Leyland put forth a book advocating the claim of Branwell Brontë to the authorship of "Wuthering Heights." Undoubtedly there is a good deal of Branwell in the book. His experiences, his letters, and recorded ravings all show that he was, or thought he was, a close kinsman to Heathcliffe, for whom he must have served as a partial model. But there is absolutely nothing to prove that he had any real literary power. And his boastfulness was such that if he had had any direct hand in the book, he would have made the welkin ring with his claims. So Mr. Leyland's revelations obtained no credence.

A book rather portentously entitled "The Key to the Brontë Works," by Mr. John Malham-Dembleby, has recently appeared. In it, with a great show of parallel citations and of labelled "Critical Methods," Mr. Malham-Dembleby seeks to show that Charlotte Brontë was the real author of "Wuthering Heights." We hardly think that Mr. Malham-Dembleby's "critical methods" would require notice, were it not that his book displays some real discoveries as the results of his investigation. One of the most interesting of these discoveries is the unearthing of a romance by Eugene Sue, published in 1850–51, apparently founded on the occurrences in the Héger household in Brussels, and showing that the relations of M. Héger, Madame Héger, and Charlotte Brontë must have been public property on the continent at that date. This work of gossip, however, has no bearing on the authorship of "Wuthering Heights." The other discovery may have some such bearing. This is in the shape of a tourist's guide-book to Yorkshire written by Frederick Montagu, in which Mr. Malham-Dembleby professes to find the germs of some of the scenes and characters of both "Wuthering Heights" and "Jane Eyre." Granting the

similarities, it is possible to reason quite differently than he does about them. Books were scarce in that Haworth parsonage, and it would seem probable that the home-loving Emily, who pined in spirit when away from the moors, should have been the one to pore over this Yorkshire guide, rather than the errant and city-loving Charlotte. And as "Wuthering Heights" was unquestionably written before "Jane Eyre," Charlotte may have merely followed her sister's lead and taken Montagu's data at second hand.

Apart from external evidence, of which there is plenty, there are four great reasons which must negative Charlotte Brontë's authorship of "Wuthering Heights." The first of these is the character of Emily Brontë, which we have glanced at above. Was she the being to descend to the level of a common cheat, to deck herself in borrowed plumes, to go forth to the world as an impostor? The thing is incredible. And if she *had* done so, would Charlotte, herself a scorner of meanness and deception, have kept on loving and revering her during her life? Would she, after Emily's death, have reared for her a monument in the noble and spirited figure of Shirley Keeldar? Human nature is not built in that way. Charlotte Brontë was not wanting in self-assurance. She could hold her opinion of herself against others. She retorted sharply on Lewes when he implied that she had a great deal to learn from Jane Austen. But every line that she wrote about Emily testifies not merely to a sisterly affection but to an admiration of almost startled wonder. She never wrote about Anne Brontë in any such terms.

The poems constitute a second obstacle to Charlotte's assumption of the novel. Mr. Malham-Dembleby does not pretend to claim Emily's for her sister, — which, in view of the tame, ladylike, colorless character of Charlotte's verse, is prudent. Nearly all of Emily's pieces are at least touched with the divine fire, and four or five of them stand by themselves in literature. They are and will be a part of all anthologies, and are so great that were Emily really robbed of "Wuthering Heights" it would not seriously lower her intellectual place. Of course it is a matter for critical opinion, how far the authorship of the poems makes valid the authorship of the novel. To me they seem to bear the same stamp. They are bone and flesh and blood of one being. At the very least, they indicate that Emily could have written the novel. Now there is a cloud of witnesses to prove that all three of the girls were busy writing stories from their childhood up. And M. Héger thought that Emily's prose themes were superior to Charlotte's. Anne Brontë, though she had considerably less leisure than Emily, left two fair-sized novels. If "Wuthering Heights" is taken from Emily, what did she write?

The characters of Heathcliffe and Rochester are enough in themselves to proclaim the separate authorship of the two novels. If Charlotte Brontë, with her prentice hand, carved the black statue of Heathcliffe, faultless in design, unflawed in execution, and then in full practice put together the shambling, uncertain workmanship of Rochester, she made a more sudden fall than any other known artist. Heathcliffe is all of a piece, — tragic, intense, true to the conception from first word to the last. He might have stepped out of a great Elizabethan play. Rochester is mostly melodramatic, and at times he is almost comic. He is a woman's conception of a strong man. In fact, the petticoat is not far away from any of Charlotte's male characters. It peeps out in Mr. Helstone and the Moores, and Paul Emanuel is entirely wrapped up in it. Charlotte was as intensely womanly as her sister was male. All her novels are saved by the depth and splendor of her female characters. On the contrary, the women in "Wuthering Heights" are hardly more than despicable.

Lastly, Emily and Charlotte set the seal of their respective natures on the prose style of their books. Emily's prose is bare, naked of ornament, interposing no veil of words between her meaning and the reader's mind. Even her descriptive passages are of the shortest, — a sentence or two, a hint or suggestion rather than a deliberate piece of painting. Charlotte, on the contrary, is rich and full and various. Her books are strewn over with purple patches. In their rich efflorescence they are like the Brazilian woods where, it is said, if you twitch a liana on the borders of Bolivia, the President at Rio will feel the movement. She loves words and images for their own sake, and she deals with them superbly. Now it is not impossible that one and the same author should command these two styles; but where this has been so, it has been at the extremes of a long life. And the instinct for wreaking the thought on expression has always come first. If Charlotte wrote "Wuthering Heights" she must have been dowered with austerity and restraint in the beginning, and then very quickly forgot these qualities.

In spite of "The Key to the Brontë Works" we fancy that the picture, which has so impressed the imagination of the world, of the three girls of genius, "mewing their mighty youth" in the lonely Yorkshire parsonage, from whence two of them, at least, were to rise in eagle wheelings visible to all the world, will long remain unaltered and unobscured.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A YEAR'S LITERARY COMPANIONSHIP, the devotion of at least a part of one's daily reading time for twelve months to one great book, or to one great author, will not be without permanent results to the reader. A man is known by the company he keeps. The president of Columbia University the other day gave this advice to an audience of undergraduates: "Resolve to pass the year in company with some high and noble character." Then followed suggestions as to the different works of literature likely to suit different temperaments and

moods, ranging over some of the classics of a more or less distant past. But not every one can prevail on himself to cut loose from the fascinations of current thought and its manifold expression in literary form. The volumes of Gibbon's "Rome" are pushed impatiently aside in favor of Professor McMaster's or Dr. Rhodes's latest continuation of our own history; Masson's "Milton," Carlyle's "Frederick," and even Boswell's "Johnson" prove less immediately inviting than the lives and letters and reminiscences of those modern celebrities whom one has either actually seen and known or at least felt keenly interested in. The reader, unwilling to follow President Butler's advice exactly as given, may yet find in current literature, in the books of this present season, not a few "high and noble characters" in whose company to pass the year. The two substantial posthumous volumes of John Bigelow's "Retrospections" will furnish inspiring reading matter for one's spare moments through the coming winter and beyond. Mark Twain, too, is one with whom a year's leisure hours can profitably be passed — in the three rich volumes of Mr. Paine's admirable biography. George Meredith's letters, also, offer opportunity for many half-hours of communion with a master-mind. And, without going outside this deservedly popular class of books, one can enjoyably and profitably linger for months over such works as Mr. George Haven Putnam's biography of his father, and Mr. James K. Hosmer's "Last Leaf" — a few pages at a time. The embarrassment is one of riches, in respect to books for companionship, and of poverty, with most of us, in respect to available half-hours or quarter-hours to give to that companionship.

* * *

THE LIBRARIAN'S HUMAN SIDE is the side that probably stands most in need of development. The professional, bibliographic, bibliothecal side will commonly take care of itself, and do it so well that the librarian, unless he be on his guard, will soon become conspicuously "lop-sided." Some sensible remarks on this head are reported in the current "Library Notes and News" of the Minnesota Public Library Commission, from Miss Flora B. Roberts, presiding genius of the Superior (Wis.) Public Library. Always timely, and seldom sufficiently heeded, are such reminders and counsels as these to library workers: "Our work is not automatic; a book read enters into the life of the reader, whether it be the heart life, the intellectual life, or the play life. The book itself has come from the author, pulsating with his life. We are the go-betweens, and in order to give the right book to the right person, we must be human, with keenness of mind, and much sympathy and charity of spirit. Were we to reduce our circulation of books to the automatic stamping of certain dates in certain places, and certain schemes of filing the cards, we might better invent a slot machine for the work; it would be cheaper. But we are dealing in human stuff, and we cannot truly know our public without becoming a part of that public. Therefore I say, join clubs, accept social invitations, pay calls, join a church if your religious convictions are in sympathy with church organizations, serve on committees, make addresses when asked — get asked sometimes. If you see a need of some certain work in the town, take the initiative yourself, even if it has nothing to do with the library." Clearly, this librarian is convinced that though nickel-in-the-slot restaurants and weighing-machines and music-boxes may serve a useful office, the nickel-in-the-slot library has no place in this world of living and breathing and loving and hating human beings.

* * *

VAGABONDAGE AND THE LITERARY TEMPERAMENT find themselves not seldom united in the same person, perhaps on somewhat the same principle that causes extremes to meet. Casanova and George Borrow and Sir Richard Burton and Josiah Flynt, born tramps, all of them, each in his own kind, were as skilled in the narration of their wandering adventures as they were happy in the knack of encountering them. But when a man of books and studies, like the late Professor Walter Wyckoff, takes to tramping (in an episodical way) for the sake of the material it may offer for literary or social-study purposes, rather than from an inborn love of the open road, the telling of the story afterward is likely to lack some of the zest that animates the pages of the tramp-author, as distinguished from the author-tramp. This difference in style between the two is well pointed out by an anonymous tramp printer who narrates his adventures in "The Saturday Evening Post." He says: "That winter I read some articles in a magazine written by a college professor who had gone tramping to find out how it really felt to be a laboring man. His narrative struck me as odd, for he never knew where to turn his hand for a bite to eat when he was hungry; and he made a sort of world-problem of the simple question of where to lie down and sleep, with empty freight cars and warm roundhouses and convenient toolboxes all round him! In the light of my own practical experience it seemed to me as though he was an academic child who should not have been permitted to go out into the world alone. One other writer I read with a different interest. He was a man who called himself Josiah Flynt; and in his description of hobo life I found no room for criticism, for he knew far more about it than I did. He was the real article — a tramp who turned writer rather than a writer who experimented in being a tramp."

* * *

THE MUSE IN BONDS, whether in the person of a Cervantes in durance vile, or a John Bunyan imprisoned for unlicenced preaching, or an Oscar Wilde pining away in Reading Gaol, must always excite sympathy. The poem (a spontaneous outpouring innocent of rhyme and metre) that has lately found its way into print from the pen of Mr. Arthur Giovannitti, thrown into jail as accessory to murder

in connection with the Lawrence (Mass.) mill strike, shows the accused to be a man of fine feeling and strengthens the presumption of his innocence of the crime charged against him, and inclines the reader to range himself on the side of Professors Taussig and Loeb and the other persons of prominence and influence who have protested against the treatment to which he and his companion have been subjected. Of course the poetic gift is no sufficient warrant of blameless moral character, and the following few lines from "The Walker" are here quoted merely for their poignant, pathetic quality, their haunting appeal, their touching picture of one shut out from the "sunlit highways of life."

"I hear footsteps over my head all night.
They come and they go. Again they come and again they go all night.
They come one eternity in four paces and they go one eternity in four paces, and between the coming and the going there are Silence and the Night and the Infinite.
For infinite are the nine feet of a prison cell, and endless is the march of him who walks between the yellow brick wall and the red iron gate, thinking things that cannot be chained and cannot be locked, but wander far away in the sunlit world, each in its wild pilgrimage after its destined goal.

. . . . . .

"I have heard the stifled sobs of the one who prays with his head under the coarse blanket and the whisperings of the one who prays with his forehead on the hard, cold stone of the floor.

. . . . . .

"And I have heard, most terrible of all, the silence of two hundred brains all possessed by one single, relentless, unforgiving, desperate thought.

. . . . . .

"I implore you, my brother, for I am weary of the long vigil, weary of counting your steps, and heavy with sleep,
Stop, rest, sleep, my brother, for the dawn is well nigh and it is not the key alone that can throw open the door."

* * *

THE TECHNIQUE OF FUTURIST LITERATURE, as Signor Marinetti informs the waiting world through a recent manifesto, will be distinguished by its simplicity, its elemental strength, its primitive naturalness. Verbal expression will be reduced to its lowest terms. "It is undeniable," explains this ardent iconoclast, "that in abolishing the adjective and the adverb the noun will regain its essential, complete, and characteristic value." The devices of rhetoric are an abomination to him. "For that reason," as the London "Chronicle" quotes him, "I have recourse to the abstract severity of mathematical signs, which are useful in expressing quantity and quality of emotion by condensing all unnecessary explanations and avoiding the dangerous folly of losing time in phraseological corners and in the finicking works of the tailor, the jeweler, and the bootblack. Words delivered from the fetters of punctuation will flash against one another, will interlace their various forms of magnetism, and follow the uninterrupted dynamics of force. A white space of varying length will indicate to the reader the moments, also of varying length, when intuition rests or sleeps." Here let us give, from the Futurist's pen, an example of these interlacing forms of magnetism, all unfettered, of course, by punctuation. The passage describes an assault on a Turkish fort. "Towers guns virility flights erection telemetre exstasy toumbtoumb 3 seconds toumbtoumb waves smiles laughs plaff poaff glouglouglouglou hide-and-seek crystals virgins flesh jewels pearls iodine salts bromide skirts gas liqueurs bubbles 3 seconds toumbtoumb officer whiteness telemetre cross-fire megaphone sight-at-thousand-metres all-men-to-left enough every-man-to-his-post incline-7-degrees splendour jet pierce immensity azure deflowering onslaught alleys cries labyrinth mattress sobs ploughing desert bed precision telemetre monoplane cackling theatre applause monoplane equals balcony rose wheel drum trepan gad-fly rout Arabs oxen blood-colour shambles wounds refuge oasis." Who, after this, will ever care to read those effete and finicking compositions, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," or "The Siege of Corinth," or the account, in "Childe Harold," of the battle of Waterloo, or any similar effusions of the anæmic poets of the past?

* * *

HE WHO RIDES MAY READ — that is, if he rides in a street-car. The importance of this obvious truth so impressed itself upon a speaker at the late meeting of the Wisconsin Library Association that he urged the placing of library advertising cards in some of those oblong spaces now so eagerly bought up by business men who are convinced of the expediency of keeping their names and descriptions or pictures of their wares before the eyes of the trolley-travelling public. At Menominee, Michigan, the suggestion took speedy root and blossomed in the shape of sundry inviting placards inserted temporarily and by glad permission in the spaces paid for by certain commercial houses for their own behoof and profit. And the profit in this instance was expected to come from the mention of their courtesy on the library placards, in the assurance that their complaisance in furthering a worthy cause would work them no harm in the public estimation. The whole of this interesting experiment is well told by Miss Lois Amelia Spencer of the Menominee Public Library in the "Wisconsin Library Bulletin" of July–August. It is too early to give results of the experiment; but, as Miss Spencer says in conclusion, "People undoubtedly read the advertisements in the street-cars. If they need to be reminded of the public library, isn't it the ideal time and place to do it when they are more or less unoccupied and possibly on their way to its part of the town? Because it seems so logical we are expecting discernible results."

* * *

PIERRE LOTI'S ORIENTALISM, his passion for and sympathy with the Far East, colors and even, one might say, with a change of metaphor, saturates much that he has written. In the course of his recent New York visit M. Viaud (Captain Louis Marie Julian Viaud will be recalled as the name and title in real life of this popular author) took occasion to say: "My enthusiasm for the Orient is inherent within me. It is a part of my very nature.

It is not enough that I can see what Oriental life is, each and every factor of it strikes an answering chord within my soul. I am all that the Oriental is, and I am it by nature, just as he is. I am a mystic, a dreamer. I love to sit and contemplate, as does the Oriental. I have the Oriental sense of the beautiful in nature, for the Oriental spends hours in peaceful communion with the landscape about him, that speaks to him in a language he understands." Of interest was the visiting Frenchman's assertion that "the literature of Japan has had practically no effect on the literature of the Occident, because we can not fully grasp its significance." In perfect accord with what might be called the upside-downness of things in the antipodes is the common people's preference for poetry to prose. They "love poetry," says this authority, "and so the native literature expresses itself in verse"—as it always has where primitive simplicity has not yet yielded to sophistication.

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An important Greek manuscript, an illuminated transcript, on vellum, of the four Gospels, has been presented to the library of the General Theological Seminary, whose librarian thus describes the gift in his latest yearly Report: "In the summer of 1911 a Greek manuscript of the four Gospels was offered us for purchase. Its price was entirely prohibitive as far as our own funds were concerned. Through the generosity of Mr. S. V. Hoffman, however, whose father, Dean Hoffman, gave us our Gutenberg Bible, it was acquired and presented to us in perpetuity, to be a treasured possession of the Library and an adornment of our Seminary. The manuscript itself, hitherto unlisted and unrecorded, was examined during April of this year by Professor Caspar René Gregory, of the University of Leipzig, while here at the Seminary, by him listed and assigned a number in his list of all the Greek New Testament manuscripts known to exist. It has been ascribed without doubt to the tenth century and is probably of Georgian origin. Written on vellum of small size and in a minute but careful hand, the manuscript is in excellent condition, contains six interesting and still brilliant illuminations, and is bound in velvet and metal. . . . By this addition we have one of the few New Testament manuscripts in America of value and importance—a manuscript which must be a source of pride not only to ourselves, but to American Biblical scholars generally."

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The librarian's natural ally in the campaign of culture against illiteracy in its more or less pronounced forms, is of course the schoolteacher. Perhaps the teacher would state the proposition the other way about, but the effect is much the same. The schoolhouse, too, is the natural and logical branch of the library. At Pomfret, Vermont (our oft-cited model in these matters of rural public-library management) each schoolhouse serves as a branch library, and as such is designated by the number borne by the school district. At Bristol, Connecticut, also, as may be noted in the current annual Report of its public library, even the one-room schools have been pressed into service by the energetic librarian, Mr. Charles L. Wooding. He writes in his record of yearly progress: "Last winter 'traveling libraries' of about 50 volumes each were placed in each of the one-room schools of the city, under the charge of the teachers, for the benefit of the adults living near the schools and remote from the central library. The books were exchanged at Easter for new collections. As a result 932 volumes were issued, and thirty-nine people who had not previously used the Library were enrolled as borrowers. I wish to record my appreciation of the willing co-operation of the teachers, who gladly assumed the extra care of the books and their circulation."

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The flippant note in American literature has much to answer for if what Miss Hanna Astrup Larsen writes in the October "Forum" is true. At the end of a rather rousing dissertation on "The Cowardice of American Literature" she writes: "Puritanism is not so fatal to art as is the American flippancy, which we flatter ourselves by calling the national sense of humor. It is a corrosive, beneath which neither poetry nor oratory, neither enthusiasm nor earnestness can live. We deny the spiritual forces even while we are moved by them, and acknowledge only the seen and the tangible. But the time is coming when the greater writers of the country will give us literature, and not levity; when life will no longer be caricatured, or truth distorted." A heavy charge, this; but it may be that Miss Larsen, with an excess of seriousness traceable to her Norwegian extraction, over-emphasizes the banefulness of the American jocosity. Every literature, every literary masterpiece, has the defects of its qualities; and if we sacrificed our love of fun because of the occasional pranks it plays on us, might we not fall victims to far worse proclivities? No antidote to moroseness can be a very harmful dose.

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Poetry in the soul of the Chinese tradesman finds expression in sign-boards of wonderful wording. A Pekin coal merchant, as a recent observer has noted, euphemistically styles his stock-in-trade "heavenly embroidery," and a dealer in oil and wine calls his establishment the "Neighborhood of Chief Beauty." Other signboards contain such inscriptions as "Shop of Heaven-sent Luck," "The Nine Felicities Prolonged," "The Shop of Celestial Principles," "Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight," "The Ten Virtues all Complete," and "Flowers Rise to the Milky Way." Now and then the shopman makes his signboard proclaim in choice phrase his own virtues, as "The Thrice Righteous" and "The Honest Pen Shop of Li," or some personal peculiarity, as "The Steel Shop of the Pockmarked Wang." The height of the poetic is attained by a charcoal shop which calls itself the "Fountain of

Beauty." The Dean of Gloucester remarked, a century and a half ago, that "what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation." If that is correct, then China, as far as it is a country of retail buying and selling, should be a country fond of the felicities of figurative and picturesque language. which, in fact, it is to a noted degree.

* * *

AUSTRALIA'S LITERARY LIKINGS manifest themselves in favor of American books, especially novels and works having to do with actual experience and adventure, sport, travel, and the like. The editor of the London "Book Monthly" calls attention to this popularity of the American book in Australia, a popularity not yet enjoyed by its English rival; for that far-distant continent (if the geographies now call it such) is a new land, newer even than America, and its affinities are for the literature of new rather than of old and conventionalized countries. One recalls the enthusiastic welcome given to Mark Twain in his world-encircling lecture tour. The stories of a Mark Twain or a Bret Harte naturally suit the popular taste in Australia as those of no English novelist can. The increasing market for American books there is noted by the above-named writer, who advises English publishers to bestir themselves in that quarter.

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A TACTFUL HINT from a courteous foreign visitor takes the following form: "Have you not perhaps paid and are you not perhaps paying too dearly for your material progress? It is ill to lose the faculty of contemplation and the conditions of life that encourage it." The timely warning is from him whom all the world knows by his pseudonym, "Pierre Loti." It is not very many years ago that another distinguished Frenchman was with us, preaching the gospel of the simple life and calling us back to the things of the spirit. But what heed was paid to the friendly advice of M. Charles Wagner, and what heed will be paid to that of this later admonitor? Perhaps after the present strenuous few weeks are past we shall have time to sober down and reflect, and to read "The Home of the Soul" and "The Simple Life."

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THE PERENNIAL APPEAL OF TRANSCENDENTALISM — an appeal which, it is true, evokes response quite as often in the unscholarly and the credulous as in the educated and the thoughtful — seems just now to be making itself heard with remarkable success in St. Louis, if credit is to be given to the report from that city to the effect that the public library records there show Emerson's essays to be among the most sought-for literature of the non-fiction class. This rumor is highly creditable to St. Louis, and helps to disprove the late Andrew Lang's too hasty assertion that Emerson is now an inoperative factor in the literary world. Meanwhile, in visible refutation of this charge, the publication of the Emerson "Journals" goes steadily forward, volumes seven and eight being announced for November.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MORE ABOUT THE STORY OF OLD FORT DEARBORN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Referring to Mr. Quaife's letter in the last issue of THE DIAL, I note that he "does not desire to engage in a personal dispute" with me; to which I may reply that I do not particularly enjoy a controversy of this kind myself. But as Mr. Quaife is concerned about the "truth of history," it will be worth while to notice one or two things he has to say.

For example, he says that no man by the name of Cooper was killed at the Fort Dearborn Massacre. How is it possible to account for the fact that a man of that name is mentioned in the letters of A. H. Edwards, printed in Fergus's Historical Pamphlet (No. 16, pp. 54, 56)? Mr. Quaife's waiving of Cooper out of existence suggests the countryman who remarked to his wife, while they were gazing upon a strange specimen at the Zoo, "Come along Maria, there ain't no such animal."

Mr. Quaife returns to the subject of Gen. Dearborn's "distinguished services on the Niagara frontier" (this sentence being quoted from my book), and remarks that any schoolboy knows that these services were not "distinguished" in the sense in which I used the word. In Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America" (Vol 3, p. 389), it is stated that the expedition directed by Dearborn on the Canadian town of York "was successful, the enemy was driven off with the loss of over half their numbers, the town was taken," etc. This movement, it is said, "met with greater success than any which had hitherto been undertaken on the frontier."

Regarding access to the Swearingen narrative, the manuscript of which is preserved in the collections of the Chicago Historical Society, Mr. Quaife says that "it is not true that the public had no access to knowledge concerning the date of beginning the construction of the first Fort Dearborn prior to the reviewer's 'Record-Herald' article of last month." His own words in the article referred to were that the manuscript had been "brought to light recently." Thus his contradiction applies to his own statement much more than to mine, which was merely based on what he himself had said.

I would not be so foolish as to claim that there are no errors in my book; and under ordinary circumstances I should feel grateful for such corrections and criticisms as might be suggested. A knowledge of the minute details connected with our early history is creditable to anyone who searches for it, but united with a bitter censoriousness of the work of others it is of but diminished and minor value.

It seems strange that out of the dozen or so reviews of my book which I have seen, some of them written by reviewers of great reputation, and all of which were favorable, it remained for a fellow worker in the field of local history to find my book utterly without merit, with not a single word of commendation for any feature of the work.

There may be different views as to the reliability of my authorities, but such as they are they can be referred to precisely. My views as to their value may be fairly challenged, but I deny the charge that my methods are "unsound" or that my work is "superficial." The many years I have devoted to a careful collection of the sources of our local history, and the visible results thereof, are a sufficient testimony to the thoroughness

of my methods. This will be corroborated, I am sure, by a "cloud of witnesses" in every historical society and in every library and university of the state who know me and know of my work in this field. The important collections of the Evanston Historical Society, which I have gathered, without thought of pecuniary reward, and primarily for the purpose of assisting students in historical research, may be pointed out in evidence. I have, indeed, received compensation for some of my writings, but that was long after I had devoted myself to a task pursued under immense difficulties and at great personal sacrifices.

It would seem but natural that those engaged in the same fields of investigation should cultivate a friendly feeling towards one another. They might differ as to methods and values, but they should at least be fair. My effort was submitted with diffidence, and only after much urging was it undertaken. I have never presumed to class myself with professional historians, and have constantly suggested to publishers that they should employ such men as professors of history in our great institutions rather than myself. But having undertaken the task, I may be allowed to say that my writings on the subject of Chicago history and North Shore history are a readable and reasonably accurate presentation, as has been testified to by a great number of readers and fair-minded reviewers.

J. Seymour Currey.

Evanston, Ill., October 7, 1912.

EARLY PREJUDICES AGAINST GREAT LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

The editorial in your October 1 issue, on "Classical Rubbish," has impressed upon me a little personal incident that may interest your readers in the recounting.

I have a very dear friend, an old lady of about seventy years of age,— my mother. Her father was a great lover of books, and I have been told that the library on his old Southern plantation was stocked with some of the richest stores that could be found. It was burned during the war between the States, and, like the remainder of the wealth of the plantation, has faded away in that great strife.

It would be impossible to understand exactly how my mother gained her attitude toward literature, without knowing the conditions that surrounded her childhood. In the matter of reading she seems to have been permitted to do very much as she chose. Her education was left to the care of a Northern woman — a spy — who conducted a school in the heart of the South during the war. It was the general belief of the community that it was unwise to give females too much education, as husbands did not like intellectual equals. In this atmosphere she developed a love for the sort of literature of which we hear so much from the average boarding-school girl. She read those books which girls sigh over in nooks and corners. Possibly it would be unfair to give any of the titles, but they were bound in paper covers and might be bought for ten or twenty-five cents apiece.

"Why don't you read this, and this?" I have often asked her, mentioning certain books by the best writers. "I'm too old to change my ways," she would always reply. "You read them, and let me read what I like."

I hope I was never snobbish about my views on the subject, yet it worried me a great deal. One day I dropped into her room with a well-known volume of Victor Hugo. I begged her to read it. She took the book from me with a smile and, in her patronizing way, said she would.

The next day, upon inquiring how she was enjoying the book, I was greeted with the response that she had read nearly half of it and had found it stupid. Upon closer inquiry I found she had but an indistinct idea of the plot. Thereupon I sat down and read aloud to her the opening chapters. Thus encouraged she began again with the volume, and read slowly and carefully. Day by day she would sit at her window in the warm sun of the autumn, at times with tears streaming down her face with sorrow for Jean, and then with eyes twinkling with smiles for the little waif. She would recount to me each evening what she had read. Naturally the romantic sections of the book at first appealed to her, then she became deeply interested in its sociological aspects. I believe that what she got out of that book amounted to more than she had ever gained from all her previous reading.

She told me later that she had always been prejudiced against books that bore the stamp of literature, and for this reason she had refused to read the recognized classics. Is not that the basic reason why we have such a large reading public for the enormous output of commonplace novels? Is it not because so many of us are prejudiced, — because so many of us have never taken the trouble to find out how to enjoy good reading?

Gilmore Iden.

Washington, D.C., October 4, 1912.

THE USES OF "CLASSICAL RUBBISH."

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Allow one appreciative reader to thank you for your editorial of October 1, on "Classical Rubbish." Religious scruples perhaps deterred the writer to whom you refer from putting the Bible in his list, where I suppose it would logically belong if it were judged simply by its literary merit.

I remember coaching a young fellow years ago for the university examinations in English, and being surprised by his almost total lack of response to the Scriptural quotations or allusions in Burke's speech on Conciliation with America. The boy was Boston-born, clever, studious, knew his Paris and Berlin — and passed all his examinations; but I greatly fear that he will never be either a good American or a cosmopolitan of broad human sympathies.

A man may be a dilettante, a diner-out, a class-conscious elegant idler, with very little knowledge of the great books; but for a broad, sane spirit of democracy, a hearty acceptance of one's place and function in the great world, a sense of humor that cries out against snobbery, send a boy or a girl to the literature that is "not of an age, but for all time."

The world is no kindergarten for mere pleasure and play. If I like to read "Lear" and "Cymbeline," so much the better — and far better; but I shall certainly read them. If I have a healthy appetite for the strong meat of the Bible, that is as it should be; but I will read the Bible whether or no. If I were responsible for the breeding of a boy, he should take for granted the old discipline of obedience and make early acquaintance, willy-nilly, with the best books.

You do well, Mr. Editor, in these days of journalism gone daft, to stand for something better than irresponsible, ephemeral, slipshod, best-selling "literature" *made* to sell.

James P. Kelley.

Chicago, October 5, 1912.

The New Books.

George Meredith Himself.*

Much more unanimity of opinion is likely to obtain in regard to George Meredith's excellence as a letter-writer than has existed in regard to his significance as novelist and poet. For the qualities which tended to obscure his art are scarcely an obstacle in his correspondence; and certain attractive personal qualities which tended to be obscured by his art lend the Letters a singular fascination.

Of chief importance to the general reader, no doubt, will be the fact that Meredith is a fellow of infinite faculty for being interesting in detail. It is not improbable, therefore, that the Letters will have a fate the reverse of that which fell upon the author's early works,—the fate of considerable popularity, attended, perhaps, by considerable over-estimation of the book's ultimate value. Consideration of that value will be incidental, in the present review, to an examination of the autobiographic aspect of the Letters; since, whatever else may be said of them, they are bound to have an exceptional present significance as a revelation of an unique personality.

This revelation has been in no degree forestalled: a straight road lies before the Letters across the somewhat meandering ways of Meredithian biography (if the term be at all pertinent) and interpretative criticism. These, to be sure, have widely traversed the country of our author's personality; but they have been singularly unsuccessful in opening up the central region of it. Nor has the reason for that failure been properly stated in Mr. Hammerton's "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," which has hitherto been our chief authority on the subject: "His personality is mountainous; and who has ever read a description of Mont Blanc or Vesuvius that would serve for all the seasons or all its phases of one day, one hour even?" Rather is it true that the several brilliant surfaces of that personality have been peculiarly reflective of certain present-day lights, and the resultant dazzle has obscured its clear outlines. Meredithian "biography" has therefore been unusually vivid and external; typical of it is Mr. Hammerton's bulky scrap-book, in which our author is sufficiently sung, drawn, and "newspapered." Criticism, at the same time, has been too busy estimating the good, or evil, significance of Meredith's various reflections of our age to lay bare his entity. So that while a fairly definite conception has arisen of the central purport of Meredith's younger contemporaries—Swinburne, Stevenson, Hardy—his own remains hazy. From the numerous articles about him, even from the different chapters of single books, one may derive quite divergent notions. These, very roughly speaking, may be reduced to two general impressions. According to the one, Meredith is something of a Mont Blanc—if one may thus twist Mr. Hammerton's handy imagery; and according to the second, something of a Vesuvius. In the one picture, our author wears an appearance of almost classic calm,—at the least, he towers considerably above the swift complexity of nineteenth century life; whatever of this quality appears in his mode of expression is but a cloud border, beyond which a smooth front is opposed to the heavens, glowing with ripe intellectual discernment. In the other picture, the subject is quite volcanically restless with his burden of leading thought-tendencies of the time; above, the heavens are somewhat obscured, and yet what an admirable mouthpiece,—what a "spiritual" mouthpiece, if one's fancy can compass the image,—our sturdy Vesuvius is of Her on whom we should chiefly rest our hopes, Mother Earth

> "that cannot stop,
> Where ever upward is the visible aim."

These two impressions, if traced to their original sources, are seen to derive—again very roughly speaking—from two corresponding divisions of Meredith's works, dealing respectively with man in relation to society and with man in relation to nature. The first group includes of course the novels, but also a large number of the poems; its ground-tone is sounded by the "Ode to the Comic Spirit." The other comprises the nature poetry, typical of which is the greater part of "A Reading of Earth." In the Letters, the two pictures merge. Mont Blanc, ceasing to be "mountainous," becomes the nucleus of a singularly gifted and effective personality; the other appears simply as an active mode of this.

Probably no previous author's letters have been more constantly related to his works than are Meredith's to his novels. To be sure, as his editor admits, "many of his intimate friends, and a large number of his letters to them, do not for various reasons appear here at all"; and one must hope that certain important links will be supplied in time. Yet not only is the cor-

*The Letters of George Meredith. Collected and edited by his son. In two volumes. With portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

respondence in its present form comprehensive, covering practically all of the author's productive years, but it involves an interesting series of persons, places, and events made use of in the novels. The fact that the novels were resolutely allusive to contemporary social conditions has thus worked to the advantage of the Letters: the writer has constantly an artistic and philosophic interest, as well as a personal one, in his correspondents and his topics. In the letters to Janet Duff Gordon (later Mrs. Ross), to Frederick Maxse, and to William Hardman we find much of that range of observation which stimulated the creation not merely of Rose Jocelyn, Nevil Beauchamp, and Blackburn Tuckham but of three general character-types prominent in the novels as a whole and holding keystone positions in Meredith's social theory. At the same time we are shown, in the concrete, the temperamental affiliations and contrasts between those types of character and our author himself. To each of the three friends he turns a distinct and important side of his nature. To Janet he is always "your poet," humorously admitting the larger admixture of air and fire in his own constitution. The contrast, which reminds the reader vaguely of that between Rose Jocelyn and Evan Harrington, crops out in connection with many topics — for instance, the Royal Academy exhibit:

"Leighton has a 'Paola and Francesca'; painted just as the book has dropped and they are in no state to read more. You would scorn it; but our friendship never rested on common sentiments in art. I greatly admire it. I think it the sole English picture exhibiting passion that I have seen."

The fact that comparatively few letters to Mrs. Ross and other of his women friends appear in the collection will be regretted by those who think of Meredith chiefly as the creator of Rose, Diana, and all the others in whom blood and judgment are so well commingled — or *get* themselves commingled through hard experience. Apropos of Diana, one is interested to find an already known circumstance phrased as follows:

"I am just finishing at a great pace a two-volume novel, to be called 'Diana of the Crossways' — partly modelled upon Mrs. Norton. But this is between ourselves. I have had to endow her with brains and make them evidence to the discerning. I think she lives."

This was written on March 24, 1884; and the reader who has ground his teeth over the close of that novel, will experience some malicious joy when he comes across the following sequel, written just five months later:

"My 'Diana' still holds me; only by the last chapter; but the coupling of such a woman and her man is a delicate business. She has no puppet-pliancy. The truth being, that she is a mother of Experience, and gives that dreadful baby suck to brains. I have therefore a feeble hold of her; none of the novelist's winding-up arts avail; it is she who leads me."

The numerous letters to Maxse are in several ways at once the most appealing and the most illuminating in the collection. They are enlivened by Meredith's brusque, incisive criticisms of his friend when the two differ in opinion on such various matters as art, the liquor question, or the government of Ireland, — on one occasion, "The hero of *Beauchamp's Career* just bears with me, so stiffly have his bristles been rubbed up by the Irish." Always, however, Meredith's deep-seated affection for the other is apparent, especially when he is concerned about the possible effects of Maxse's impetuosity. Such a condition arose when, near the beginning of their intercourse, Maxse fell in love, informed Meredith, and received in reply just such a letter of advice as one can imagine Nevil Beauchamp, mad for Renée, receiving from our author. That Meredith had Maxse in mind also when creating Harry Richmond is intimated in the following:

"I have just finished the History of the inextinguishable Sir Harry Firebrand of the Beacon, Knight Errant of the 19th century, in which mirror you may look and see — My dear Fred and his loving friend,

GEORGE MEREDITH."

But the type of the extremist, who is likely to run unwittingly into egoism, embraces both of these characters and is of cardinal importance in the majority of the novels. With the attempt, into which his social insight led him, to isolate that egoism in a single character, Meredith was dissatisfied, — he says of "The Egoist": "It is a Comedy with only half of me in it, unlikely therefore to take either the public or my friends. This is true truth, but I warned you that I am cursed with a croak."

A perfect complement to the Maxse letters is provided by those to Hardman, dubbed "Tuck" by Meredith in allusion to the friar of earthly disposition, and characterized as follows: "A dangerous man, Sir, for he tempteth us to love this life and esteems it a cherishable thing: yet, withal, one whom to know once is to desire ever. For indeed such a one is seldom seen." The writer's comments on Hardman send our thoughts not only to Blackburn Tuckham but to Redworth, Matey Weyburn, and other all-round, commonsense personages who frequent the novels. In outline these characters loom up, indeed, behind the glowing haze of the nature poems; for surely they are the favorite "sons" framed by Earth to "read" her, and successful

in doing so if they acquire the requisite infusion of "spirit" — a quality which, when one turns a prosaic eye on the poems, appears a somewhat vague by-product. This quality is of only occasional significance in the Letters; certainly, it was not essential to Tuck's attractiveness for Meredith.

> "Tuck, Sweet Charmer, tell me why
> I 'm at ease when you are by?
> Have you had 'a round' with Care,
> Left him smoshen, stript him bare,
> That he never more can try
> Falls with me when you are by?
> Ah, but when from me you 're screened,
> Attrobiliad glows the fiend:
> Fire is wet and water dry:
> Candles burn cocked hats awry:
> Hope her diamond portal shuts,
> Grim dyspepsia haunts my — Ahem!"

Beneath the surface of these verses, and of many scattered passages in the Letters, one catches glimpses of inward battles, not merely with dyspepsia but with the universe — with the universe, our author himself would phrase it, as seen through the eyes of "that old dragon, self." And one is enabled to realize the extent to which self-experience was the ground where grew that doctrine of self-repression and anti-sentimentalism so central in Meredith's works. The reader of those works would scarcely suspect the existence of the tendency referred to in the following passage, contained in a letter to Maxse and sounding, for his benefit, the characteristic note of admonishment previously mentioned:

> "As regards Hawthorne, little Meredith admits that your strokes have truth. I strive by study of humanity to represent it: not its morbid action. I have a tendency to do that, which I repress: for, in delineating it, there is no gain. In all my, truly, very faulty works, there is this aim. Much of my strength lies in painting morbid emotion and exceptional positions; but my conscience will not let me so waste my time."

This conscience of Meredith's, potentially beneficent in an age in which sentiment born of romance had become the foster-sister of science, was what primarily drew him to the like of Hardman. Incidentally, the letters to "Tuck" overflow with the rich joviality and rollicking nonsense which made Box Hill the resort of the so-called "Sunday Tramps," captained by Leslie Stephen. Concerning his reproduction of Stephen in Vernon Whitford — another of Earth's favorite sons — Meredith's own words are: "It is a sketch of L. Stephen, but merely a sketch, not doing him full justice, though the strokes without and within are correct."

Such, briefly indicated, are the main highways on which our author gathered the stuff of his novels. Also numerous side-paths, many of them leading to illuminating discoveries, will tempt the reader of the Letters. Another chapter, the one most stimulative of thoughtful laughter, is the series of epigrammatic judgments passed by the writer on contemporary authors. It is safe to say that no other one of them had at once such a real sympathy for his fellow-craftsmen and such a shrewdly critical perception of the net significance of their works. Over-boisterous, indeed, becomes the critique of the "Idylls of the King"; but then, two poets have seldom been temperamentally more antipathetic than were the Poet Laureate and Meredith. It almost exhausts one of the letters to Maxse, and evinces, incidentally, the characteristic difference of outlook between the two friends. Briefer, and often better, are the remarks on Carlyle, Mill, Ruskin, Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, Stevenson, Hugo, and several writers of lesser note. One may at first wonder at his keen championship of Carlyle, considering that, in regard to their fundamental attitudes toward life, they stand at opposite poles. Carlyle, as Meredith puts it in a sonnet on the occasion of the seer's eightieth birthday, "bared the roots of life with sight piercing"; but, as Meredith writes elsewhere, "when he descends to our common pavement — he is no more sagacious nor useful nor temperate than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop." On the other hand, it is exactly on the surface of "our common pavement," with its fringe of nature, that Meredith himself is most sagacious and temperate; for him, surely, the pavement was all too solid, and the "roots of life" which he celebrates, often intemperately, in his nature poems have on the whole been dragged in from the fringe and not dug up from below. In short, if Carlyle partly aspired to become a critic of society and remained a seer, Meredith more fully aspired to become a seer and remained a critic of society: the course of his development in this respect may be followed through numerous instances in the Letters, especially when these are placed side by side with his nature poetry. This very aspiration of Meredith's, however, was undoubtedly what made him feel an affinity with Carlyle. The same extraordinary range and keenness of intellectual vision which enabled him to steer free of most nineteenth century excesses except the scientific one, and to survey this more fruitfully than could the romantic Tennyson and Browning on the one hand, or his humanitarian younger contemporaries on the other — the same vision caught

glimpses of spiritual heights which "Earth" had not framed him for climbing.

His somewhat Vesuvian attempts, in his nature poems, to mix those heights with Earth — both by pouring them molten upon her bosom and by heaving her skyward to meet them halfway — are accountable for that secondary picture of him, mentioned near the beginning, which one finds in biography and criticism. It has been the aim of this review to indicate how that portrait blends with the other "too too solid" one, also previously described, in the pages of the Letters. And the student of these will be able to trace the true picture through many details more intimately autobiographic than those which have here been dealt with. For in spite of the editor's modest assurance that "the collection is not meant to form a narrative of Meredith's life," it fulfills that function in a very large degree. And Meredith's reticence, though it has robbed curiosity of many palatable particulars, has been by no means sufficiently stoical to cloak those larger effects of the chief happenings in his life which are most vital for the study of his personality. One discerns, for instance, that his unfortunate first marriage was much more important than has been surmised, not only for the composition of "Modern Love" but for the whole course of his thought and art. One notes, in fairly numerous passages, the significant combination in his attitude towards nature of healthy animalism with intellectual interest; and the lack of what have been generally considered the deepest emotions in regard to her. On the other hand, one finds in his letters to his oldest son an unexpected revelation of tenderness, — the Spartan cloak falls quite away, perhaps primarily because the boy was saved to him from the wreck of the first marriage. One watches the recuperation of his emotional, and the revivifying of his artistic, powers when, several years after his first wife's death, he meets the woman who is to be his second wife. And one perceives that "A Reading of Earth," composed after her death, records the effects not merely of this event but of their whole life together.

With the mood of this poem-cycle strong upon him, Meredith writes on March 16, 1888:

> "If a man's work is to be of value, the best of him must be in it. I have written always with the perception that there is no life but of the spirit; that the concrete is really the shadowy; yet that the way to spiritual life lies in the complete unfolding of the creature, not in the nipping of his passions. An outrage to Nature helps to extinguish his light. To the flourishing of the spirit, then, through the healthy exercise of the senses."

In this definitive statement of his position, one notes the strangely Carlylean opening and then the almost comic descent toward the Meredithian close. If some future student of our author's works should run across this passage — let us say, in the coming "age of concentration" when the outlines of the concept "spirit" shall have become fairly distinct again — he would no doubt rub his eyes. He would then perhaps review his *net* impression of Meredith's poems and novels with the aim of discovering in it "the perception that there is no life but of the spirit; that the concrete is really the shadowy." One's net impression of Meredith's works, and now of his letters also, has in the centre of it, not spirit, but "Tuck" — a composite, social figure symbolic of things much larger than itself. At least, when the present reviewer had laid aside the two volumes of the Letters, he found that the following final sentences of an early note to Hardman remained most vivid in his mind: "I want restoration. *Tuck being absent*, I go to Nature, in her sublimest. Your loving, George Meredith."

GEORGE ROY ELLIOTT.

REGENERATING HUMANITY.*

The hope of a regenerated humanity, and a world made fit to live in for all its inhabitants, is one that will not be subdued. It has haunted the imagination of the world's finest intellects, from Plato to Ruskin; it has obsessed the thoughts of numberless thousands of plain men and women. Heroism and devotion have flowed without stint in its service; renunciation and sacrifice have been heaped upon its altar. And yet it may scarcely be said that we have approached in any conspicuous degree toward a fulfillment of the dream. Is the problem insoluble? Is the world's long-battered fort indeed unbreachable? Must the hopes of men for their highest good continue forever to move fatuously about in worlds unrealized?

Mr. Havelock Ellis thinks not; and in his new book, "The Task of Social Hygiene," he unfolds what will seem to many the first constructive scheme of social reform that carries with it the possibilities of even approximate realization. Here at last we are given a programme of social regeneration that is grounded not upon emotionalism or doctrinaire assumptions, but upon the calm definite word of science, — a hope for the future that seems to bear the

*THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

sanction of Mother Nature herself. It is a plan of all-embracing comprehensiveness, dealing with function no less than with structure, with character no less than with environment, with men's souls no less than with their bodies.

"All social hygiene, in its fullest sense, is but an increasingly complex and extended method of purification — the purification of the conditions of life by sound legislation, the purification of our own minds by better knowledge, the purification of our hearts by a growing sense of responsibility, the purification of the race itself by an enlightened eugenics, consciously aiding Nature in her manifest effort to embody new ideals of life. . . . The questions of social hygiene, as here understood, go to the heart of life. It is the task of this hygiene not only to make sewers, but to re-make love, and to do both in the same large spirit of human fellowship, to ensure finer individual development and a larger social organization. At the one end social hygiene may be regarded as simply the extension of an elementary sanitary code; at the other end it seems to some to have in it the glorious freedom of a new religion."

Here, then, is a gospel of the purification and ennoblement of life from within,—an endeavor to attain a new joy and a new freedom for the individual based on social health and social order. Indeed so comprehensive is this plan of social hygiene that it practically supersedes what has hitherto been known as social reform, embracing not only the conditions of life but life itself, and dealing with its subject not in the old haphazard spirit of social reform but with the organized and systematic methods of modern biological science. Just as philanthropy has gradually evolved from the idea of alms-giving and amelioration to the modern spirit of prevention, so has social hygiene developed from the primitive notions of scavenging, drainage, etc., to the present-day conception of eugenics. The social and physical and biological sciences are to-day working hand in hand for the redemption of humanity; and it is in the reaction of these forces upon the will and intelligence and sense of responsibility of the individual that the spirit of social hygiene becomes operative.

Mr. Ellis's book consists of eleven separate essays, nearly all of which have, we imagine, seen the light in one place or another during the past few years. But however seemingly detached in form and diverse in subject, they are yet bound together by a singular unity of spirit. An extended introduction traces the course of social reform during the past century, and summarizes the factors that enter into the new task of social hygiene.

Believing, as every eugenist must, that the destiny of the race rests with woman, and that "the most vital problem before our civilization to-day is the problem of motherhood," Mr. Ellis naturally gives the foremost place in his volume to a detailed consideration of the part women will have to bear in social hygiene. In three chapters, constituting nearly a fourth of the entire book, he discusses "The Changing Status of Women," "The New Aspect of the Woman's Movement," and "The Emancipation of Women in Relation to Romantic Love." While criticizing unsparingly the follies and mistakes that have characterized the suffrage movement in England, he yet affirms that the success of the cause is essential to a realization of our highest social aspirations. But the enforcing of woman's claims as a human being rather than as a woman is to him only half the task of the woman's movement, and perhaps not the most essential half. "The full fruition of that movement means that women . . . shall take their proper share in legislation for life, not as mere sexless human beings, but as women, and in accordance with the essential laws of their own nature as women."

The following chapter, entitled "The Significance of a Falling Birth-Rate," deals with a subject familiar to us in America under the flashy designation of "race-suicide." It is a subject which, as Mr. Ellis says, has been usually left "to the ignorant preachers of the gospel of brute force, would-be patriots who desire their own country to increase at the cost of all other countries, not merely in ignorance of the fact that the crude birth-rate is not the index of increase, but reckless of the effect their desire, if fulfilled, would have upon all the higher and finer ends of living." With convincing logic, reinforced at every turn by the statistics and conclusions of unimpeachable authorities, Mr. Ellis proves that a falling birth-rate, instead of indicating degeneration and disaster, is in reality one of the most propitious signs of social progress, one of the most reassuring evidences of "that calculated forethought, that deliberate self-restraint for the attainment of ever more manifold ends, which in its outcome we term 'civilization.'"

"'Increase and multiply,' was the legendary injunction uttered on the threshold of an empty world. It is singularly out of place in an age in which the earth and the sea, if not indeed the very air, swarm with countless myriads of undistinguished and indistinguishable human creatures, until the beauty of the world is befouled and the glory of the Heavens bedimmed. To stem back that tide is the task now imposed on our heroism, to elevate and purify and refine the race, to introduce the ideal of quality in place of the ideal of quantity which has run riot so long, with the results we see."

In "Eugenics and Love" and "The Problem of Sexual Hygiene" are considered some of the more specific features of the eugenic programme. The problem of sexual hygiene seems to Mr. Ellis largely the problem of sexual enlightenment for the young. It is pointed out that the greatest difficulty and danger in such enlightenment lie in the fact that those whom we most depend upon as teachers are themselves untaught. But notwithstanding this and other serious obstacles, sexual hygiene must be undertaken, and it will, "if wisely carried out, effect far more for public morals than all the legislation in the world."

There is no more valuable chapter in the volume than that on "Immorality and the Law." Americans, particularly, are prone to believe in legislative short-cuts to the kingdom of heaven. But it is a matter of almost universal experience that attempts at moralization by law not only fail dismally to cure the evils aimed at, but actually tend to dignify and fortify those evils, and often result in furthering other evils far worse than those attacked. The spiritual evil of immorality, Mr. Ellis tells us, can never be suppressed by physical means, — only by opposing spiritual force to spiritual force may victory be hoped for. In the moral sphere, "the generalizing hand of law can only injure and stain."

A masterly statement of the forces now working for international peace is contained in the chapter entitled, "The War against War." It is doubtful if a more sane and searching analysis of the subject was ever before given in the same limited space. Throwing sentimentalism overboard at the outset by stating that "the influence of the Religion of Peace has in this matter been less than nil," Mr. Ellis goes on to summarize the various social and economic factors that are now warring so powerfully against war, and which are bound to triumph in the end.

> "The only question that remains — and it is a question the future alone will solve — is the particular point at which this ancient and overgrown stronghold of war, now being invested so vigorously from so many sides, will finally be overthrown, whether from within or from without, whether by its own inherent weakness, by the persuasive reasonableness of developing civilization, by the self-interest of the commercial and financial classes, or by the ruthless indignation of the proletariat. That is a problem still insoluble, but it is not impossible that some already living may witness its solution."

Such subjects as "Religion and the Child" and "The Problem of an International Language" will seem at first blush rather unrelated to the general theme of the book. Yet in reality they bear a close connection. "Social Hygiene renders education a far larger and more delicate task than it has ever been before"; and "the organization of international methods of social intercourse between peoples of different tongues and unlike traditions" is one of "the tasks, difficult but imperative, which Social Hygiene presents and the course of modern civilization renders insistent."

The old controversy between Individualism and Socialism is dealt with in the final chapter. After clearly and fairly stating the case for each camp, Mr. Ellis concludes that not only are both absolutely right, but that in reality they are scarcely opposed. "We have only to remember that the field of each is distinct. No one needs Individualism in his water supply, and no one needs Socialism in his religion." Each is complementary and indispensable to the other. "We socialize what we call our physical life in order that we may attain greater freedom for what we call our spiritual life." Thus the divergencies of the two schools are essential to the purposes of social hygiene. "The separate initiative and promulgation of the two tendencies encourages a much more effective action, and best promotes that final harmony of the two extremes which the finest human development needs."

The foregoing is but a feeble summary of Mr. Ellis's volume, but it may serve to indicate something of the scope and significance and value of the book's substance. Of its splendid spirit, — its sanity and insight, its liberality and flexibility of thought, its large sympathy, its comprehensive scientific and philosophical groundwork, its masterly interpretation of the past as a basis for speculations about the future, its convincing reasonableness, — of all this we can give no adequate notion here, but must leave for the reader himself to discover and enjoy. It is an inspiring and reassuring volume, which deserves not one but several readings from everyone who takes anything more than a predatory interest in the social organism. More than any other book that we know of, it arouses in the reader an enthusiastic faith that the world may yet see a realization of the prayer of Paracelsus:

> "Make no more giants, God,
> But elevate the race at once! We ask
> To put forth just our strength, our human strength,
> All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
> Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted —
> See if we cannot beat thine angels yet!"

WALDO R. BROWNE.

MARK TWAIN.*

"When I was younger," said Mark Twain in later life, "I could remember anything, whether it happened or not; but I am getting old, and soon I shall remember only the latter."

Hence the need of a more accurate and detailed account of his life than is furnished in the autobiographical chapters he himself wrote in his last years for the benefit of posterity. This need has been met by the elaborate three-volume biography prepared with infinite care by his authorized biographer, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, who has devoted six years to the work, journeying half-way around the world to trace the great humorist's footsteps and visit the haunts frequented by him in different lands, and for four years of the six living in close daily intercourse with him. The result is a book so filled with the spirit of Mark Twain as to vie in interest with his own works and to furnish an extent and variety of entertainment hardly to be found in any other recent biography. It is certainly one of the notable books of its class.

It was over the billiard-table that our Boswell became best acquainted with his Johnson; here, as he says, "the disparity of ages no longer existed, other discrepancies no longer mattered. The pleasant land of play is a democracy where such things do not count." And further:

"To recall all the humors and interesting happenings of those early billiard-days would be to fill a large volume. I can preserve no more than a few characteristic phases.

"He was not an even-tempered player. When the balls were perverse in their movements and his aim unsteady, he was likely to become short with his opponents — critical and even fault-finding. Then presently a reaction would set in, and he would be seized with remorse. He would become unnecessarily gentle and kindly — even attentive — placing the balls as I knocked them into the pockets, hurrying from one end of the table to render this service, endeavoring to show in every way except by actual confession in words that he was sorry for what seemed to him, no doubt, an unworthy display of temper, unjustified irritation.

"Naturally this was a mood that I enjoyed less than that which had induced it. I did not wish him to humble himself; I was willing that he should be severe, even harsh, if he felt so inclined; his age, his position, his genius entitled him to special privileges; yet I am glad, as I remember it now, that the other side revealed itself, for it completes the sum of his great humanity.

"Indeed, he was always not only human, but superhuman; not only a man, but superman. Nor does this term apply only to his psychology. In no other human being have I ever seen such physical endurance. I was comparatively a young man, and by no means an invalid; but many a time, far in the night, when I was ready to drop with exhaustion, he was still as fresh and buoyant and eager for the game as at the moment of beginning. He smoked and smoked continually, and followed the endless track around the billiard-table with the light step of youth. At three or four o'clock in the morning he would urge just one more game, and would taunt me for my weariness."

This intimate personal relation between the two it was worth while to illustrate even by a somewhat extended quotation. To the biographer "the association was invaluable; it drew from him a thousand long-forgotten incidents; it invited a stream of picturesque comments and philosophies; it furnished the most intimate insight into his character." It has been said by those who knew Mark Twain well that the culmination of his genius was reached only in these unpremeditated bursts of oral discourse, as splendid in their combination of imagery and poetry and philosophy, of humor and pathos and deep human feeling, as they were impossible to reproduce afterward on paper. This rich humanity of the man his biographer has fully recognized and has, to a marked degree, put into the pages that picture his life.

The main outlines of Mark Twain's life-history are by this time known to all the world, and need not here be sketched. Space can better be utilized in conveying, by allusion and quotation, some idea of the wealth of variously interesting matter that goes to fill Mr. Paine's three ample volumes. Some specimen chapters have already seen the light, in serial publication, but they hardly skim even the cream of the work as a whole. In the flashes of light thrown by the biographer's pen on certain less familiar sides of the many-sided humorist and philosopher, one cannot fail to note his emphatic likes and dislikes in literature. That this master of luminous prose should have kindled with enthusiasm over the tortuous poetry of Browning is rather surprising; but having accepted the fact, one is prepared to hear that he was equally fond of Meredith, when, disappointing expectation again, he shows himself quite the reverse. The Meredithian characters were to him ingeniously contrived puppets, not human beings; and when "Diana of the Crossways" was read aloud to him he was likely to say: "It doesn't seem to me that Diana lives up to her reputation. The author keeps telling us how smart she is, how brilliant, but I never seem to hear her say anything smart or brilliant. Read me some of Diana's smart utterances." Most noteworthy

*MARK TWAIN. A Biography. The Personal and Literary Life of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. By Albert Bigelow Paine. With letters, comments, and incidental writings hitherto unpublished; also new episodes, anecdotes, etc. In three volumes. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

and most surprising of all was his passionate embrace of the Baconian craze. One would suppose that the barefoot scapegrace of those early Missouri days which he has so well depicted in "Tom Sawyer" would have been the last to deny, on coming into his own, the possibility of the Stratford poacher's developing into a great poet and dramatist. And yet, in conversation with Mr. Paine he declared that Shakespeare could not have written the plays bearing his name. "There's evidence that he couldn't," he said. "It required a man with the fullest legal equipment to have written them. When you have read Greenwood's book you will see how untenable is any argument for Shakespeare's authorship." But we have Mark Twain's little volume, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" and it is enough to enjoy the literary charm of it without puzzling further over the reason of its author's heresy. Let us pass to things more truly characteristic of the man. Here is a letter written by him to his lecture-manager, Redpath, in the days when the author of "The Innocents Abroad" was achieving his first great popularity as a public entertainer on the platform:

"DEAR RED,—I am different from other women; my mind changes oftener. People who have no mind can easily be steadfast and firm, but when a man is loaded down to the guards with it, as I am, every heavy sea of foreboding or inclination, maybe of indolence, shifts the cargo. See? Therefore, if you will notice, one week I am likely to give rigid instructions to confine me to New England; the next week send me to Arizona; the next week withdraw my name; the next week give you full, untrammeled swing; and the week following modify it. You must try to keep the run of my mind, Redpath; it is your business, being the agent, and it was always too many for me. . . . Yours, MARK."

The interesting though somewhat distressing story of Mark Twain's stupefying oratorical effort at the Whittier dinner in Boston, December 17, 1877, is told more fully than it has ever been told before, with letters to and from the chief actors in that little tragedy — or tragicomedy, as at this distance of time we can regard it. The good humor shown and evidently felt by the Olympian trinity whom the tactless speech was supposed to have affronted helped to rescue the penitent speaker from despair. It appears, also, that the most revered of that trinity, Emerson, failed to take in a single syllable of the speech, having lapsed temporarily into that happy oblivion which more and more held him in unconsciousness of outer happenings toward the end of his life. A kind letter from his daughter Ellen to Mrs. Clemens, in indirect response to one from Clemens to Emerson, is made public in the book. It must have greatly soothed the whole family. Concerning the unfortunate speech itself and Mark Twain's later alternating opinions of it, Mr. Paine well says:

"Of course the first of these impressions, the verdict of the fresh mind uninfluenced by the old conception, was the more correct one. The speech was decidedly out of place in that company. The skit was harmless enough, but it was of the Comstock grain. It lacked refinement, and, what was still worse, it lacked humor, at least the humor of a kind suited to that long-ago company of listeners. It was another of those grievous mistakes which genius (and not talent) can make, for genius is a sort of possession. The individual is pervaded, dominated for a time by an angel or an imp, and he seldom, of himself, is able to discriminate between his controls. A literary imp was always lying in wait for Mark Twain; the imp of the burlesque, tempting him to do the *outré*, the outlandish, the shocking thing. It was this that Olivia Clemens had to labor hardest against: the cheapening of his own high purpose with an extravagant false note, at which sincerity, conviction, and artistic harmony took wings and fled away. Notably he did a good burlesque now and then, but his fame would not have suffered if he had been delivered altogether from his besetting temptations."

The debt that both his public and his fame owe to his faithful censor, Mrs. Clemens, is larger than many persons have ever suspected. The piles of manuscript that he uncomplainingly threw aside at her bidding, must have far exceeded in bulk those other piles that went to the printer and contributed to the world's lasting entertainment. One other brief selection from the biographer's few critical comments on Mark Twain's books is worth giving to call renewed attention to that exquisite creation of the author's finer genius, the nobly conceived "Joan of Arc."

"But this is just the wonder of Mark Twain's Joan. She is a saint; she is rare, she is exquisite, she is all that is lovely, and she is a human being besides. Considered from every point of view, *Joan of Arc* is Mark Twain's supreme literary expression, the loftiest, the most delicate, the most luminous example of his work. It is so from the first word of its beginning, that wonderful 'Translator's Preface,' to the last word of the last chapter, where he declares that the figure of Joan with the martyr's crown upon her head shall stand for patriotism through all time."

The drama of the strange and yet always intensely real and human life unrolled in Mr. Paine's three volumes must be read as a connected whole to be best enjoyed. Snatches and fragments seem to do it injustice. Yet it may be not out of place here to quote from the author's own account of his memorable meeting with the subject of his book when the writing of that book was first proposed to him. The occasion was a dinner given to Mark Twain in New York.

"The night of January 5, 1906, remains a memory apart from other dinners. Brander Matthews presided,

and Gilder was there, and Frank Millet and Willard Metcalf and Robert Reid, and a score of others; some of them are dead now, David Munro among them. It so happened that my seat was nearly facing the guest of the evening, who, by custom of The Players, is placed at the side and not at the end of the long table. He was no longer frail and thin, as when I had first met him. He had a robust, rested look; his complexion had the tints of a miniature painting. Lit by the glow of the shaded candles, relieved against the dusky richness of the walls, he made a picture of striking beauty. One could not take his eyes from it, and to one guest at least it stirred the farthest memories. I suddenly saw the interior of a farm-house sitting-room in the Middle West, where I had first heard uttered the name of Mark Twain, and where night after night a group gathered around the evening lamp to hear the tale of the first pilgrimage, which, to a boy of eight, had seemed only a wonderful poem and fairy tale. To Charles Harvey Genung, who sat next to me, I whispered something of this, and how, during the thirty-six years since then, no other human being to me had meant what Mark Twain had meant — in literature, in life, in the ineffable thing which means more than either, and which we call 'inspiration,' for lack of a truer word. Now here he was, just across the table. It was the fairy tale come true. Genung said: 'You should write his life.'"

And so in the end it came about that this writer from the Middle West wrote the life of that other writer from the Middle West, and he has written it so fully and satisfactorily that no one need in the future go over the same ground again. Mark Twain will of course continue to be written about and talked about, and his books will form the subjects of critical comment and expert appreciation, to which the present biography happily does not pretend to devote itself; but the authoritative life of the great humorist has been written, and in a way to insure a reading hardly less wide than that which Mark Twain's own books receive. In wealth of illustration and other details of its make-up, the book will not disappoint.

Percy F. Bicknell.

England and the American Revolution.*

Among the many English men of affairs who have found time and leisure to satisfy a passion for historic research, Sir George Otto Trevelyan holds an honored place. Sir George was for many years an influential member of Parliament. He has also held ministerial offices of high rank, and was at one time a leader in the councils of the Liberal party. When the party split in 1886 on the question of Irish home rule, Mr. Trevelyan was one of the chiefs among the Liberal-Unionist seceders. Since then he has gradually withdrawn from public activities and has given his time to literary pursuits, especially to the study of history in the eighteenth century.

In our own country he is, perhaps, best known as the author of a history of the American Revolution, three volumes of which have appeared under that title. But still earlier, as long ago as 1880, he had published "The Early History of Charles James Fox." He now gives us a continuation of both these ventures in a work entitled "George the Third and Charles James Fox." It is planned to publish this in two volumes, the first of which has appeared.

It happens frequently that a title does not accurately describe the contents of a book, and such is the case in the present instance. Fox is not unusually prominent in the narrative; his relationship with George III. is discussed only incidentally; and the American Revolution is only one of the many subjects discussed. The volume is a military and political history of England during the years 1778 to 1780, a period when England stood alone against nearly all Europe, facing hostility, active or passive, commercial or military, almost everywhere.

The author's position with respect to the war in America is well known: the fight for self-government in England was won in America; the system of personal government that George III. strove to fasten upon the English nation was discredited by his failure to conquer the Americans and his purposes were defeated. The effort to coerce the colonies was not only unwise but unjust, and the government should not have forced matters to the issue of war. But after hostilities had become a fact, the war should have been fought in a different spirit. It was carried on by a group of corrupt and incapable men whose inefficiency and stupid carelessness stir the author almost to the point of anger. Especially does he find incompetence in the admiralty; and as a former secretary in that department, Sir George must be presumed to know what an efficient management of the navy should imply. Lord Sandwich is characterized as "the most negligent administrator who ever sat at the head of the table in the admiralty Board-room." "When Keppel's messenger arrived in the last days of June of 1778, bringing the momentous intelligence that the British fleet had retired from before Brest and had got back to Portsmouth, neither the First

* George the Third and Charles James Fox. Being the Concluding Part of "The American Revolution." By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O.M. In two volumes. Volume I. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Lord nor the Secretary of the Admiralty could be found to unseal the dispatches." And this was in a department where watchfulness never ceases, and sleep is almost unknown.

Against this negligence and corruption Charles James Fox raised his voice again and again, and a marvellously effective voice it was. The picture that is given of the mighty debater is sympathetic in every line. Fox was no longer the young profligate; the period of his reformation had begun.

"He ceased to gamble. He lived contented within his slender means. His home-life with the woman whom he loved . . . was admired by his uncensorious contemporaries as a model of domestic affection, and mutual sympathy in the insatiable enjoyment of good literature and quiet rural pleasures. Nothing at last remained of the old Charles James Fox except the frankness and friendliness, the inexhaustible good nature, the indescribable charm of manner, and the utter absence of self-importance and self-consciousness, which combined to make him, at every period of his existence, the best fellow in the world."

The author also describes the great triumphs of Fox in the House of Commons; but they were personal triumphs and meant little for the cause that he represented, for the majority had sold its conscience to the king.

Of the Earl of Chatham we have the conventional picture. In the intellectual make-up of George III., the author finds a few admirable qualities, but very few. Much attention is given to the king's absolutist ideas and to the venal methods that he employed to secure his authority. For Burke, Sir George professes the greatest admiration. "So full and cultured a mind as Burke's,—so vivid an imagination and so intense and catholic an interest in all human affairs, past and present,—have never been placed at the service of the state by anyone except Cicero." The author also bears testimony to the abilities of Admiral Howe and by way of contrast to the incompetence of the French admirals, particularly D'Estaing. But the only man whose greatness was unalloyed, whose deeds were above criticism, was George Washington.

The closing chapter in the volume, in which is discussed the treason of Arnold and the death of André, is one of great interest. Without showing any sympathy for the traitor, Mr. Trevelyan fully appreciates Benedict Arnold's great abilities in the field, and has hard words for the American Congress which unjustly wounded the general's over-sensitive pride and thus strengthened him in his disloyal purposes. Full justice is done to the traitor's estimable and innocent wife.

"Arnold was the waster; and his wife, during a hard and life-long struggle with adversity, showed herself a notable saver and manager for the protection of her husband's financial credit, and of her children's future. And the beginning and end of Margaret Arnold's reputed disaffection to the American cause was that as a girl she had danced minuets with royal officers, and that as a married woman she had refused to exclude from her ball-room the wives and daughters of Loyalists and Tories."

The importance of Arnold's defection, for the American cause, is clearly brought out. "The revelation of Arnold's treachery created a powerful and lasting reaction in American opinion." The results were not despair but horror, indignation, and patriotic fervor. The author is also careful to bring out the fact that while Arnold after the war apparently enjoyed the favor of the English court, "London society set its face sternly and inexorably against him. . . . In political and fashionable circles he was shunned by most of the Whigs, and by many Tories."

Much has been written in recent years about the American war and the conditions that gave birth to revolution; but this literature is apparently unknown to the present author,—at least he ignores its conclusions. We are, for instance, told once more that the king dismissed Pitt to make room for Bute,—an old view that Von Ruville in his great biography of Pitt has clearly shown to be erroneous. Mr. Trevelyan cannot be ignorant of the fact that recent English students who look at history from the viewpoint of the modern imperialist have come to regard the struggle in America as the result of an effort to organize the British empire, which successful warfare had given almost magical growth; but he seems not to have accepted these views. And perhaps it is too much to expect that the nephew of Lord Macaulay should accept and exploit the opinions of the imperialistic Tories.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

MAN AND CIVILIZATION.*

It is, perhaps, by this time, a commonplace thought that we are passing through a period of social and cultural change in comparison with which the French Revolution was a simple and easily accomplished transition. Certainly we lack the faith and optimism with which the sanguine spirits of that day regarded their reconstructive programmes. In fact the more reflective spirits of to-day are apt, as they survey

*MAIN CURRENTS OF MODERN THOUGHT. A Study of the Spiritual and Intellectual Movements of the Present Day. Translated from the German of Rudolf Eucken, by Meyrick Booth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the present course of civilization, to cry with the late William Vaughn Moody:

> " . . . Does she know her port,
> Though she goes so far about?
> Or blind astray, does she make her sport
> To brazen and chance it out.
> I watched her when her captains passed:
> She were better captainless.
> Men in the cabin, before the mast,
> But some were reckless and some aghast,
> And some sat gorged at mess."

Such an extremity as this should be philosophy's opportunity, and the extremity has come home in an unique measure to one present-day philosopher, Rudolf Eucken of Jena. He is known to English readers already by some half dozen books, notably "The Problem of Human Life," "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal," and "The Truth of Religion," all of which have very recently been translated into English, and for the writing of which the author has been awarded a Nobel Prize for Literature. Eucken is not a system builder, not a philosopher of the old argumentative and intellectualistic type, but a passionate and powerful preacher, a theologian in one sense, and a deeply religious spirit. Withal, he has the historic sense and the critical sense both highly developed. Consequently we may expect to find in his work valuable estimations of past and present tendencies, thorough destructive analyses of the attempted solutions of our world riddles and life riddles, a strenuous insistence on the rights of the spirit; and we find all this in greater measure than any explicit and reasoned world view ready to be assimilated by the understanding of the seeker.

The situation of human life at the present day as Eucken sees it is almost as gloomy as that portrayed in Moody's lines. He sees the ship of life advancing, indeed, but into dangerous seas. The situation which he sketches is briefly as follows. The great scientific and technological advances of recent years have given man an unprecedented mastery over the world without. His experiences have been multiplied a hundred fold. His powers over nature have increased to the point of practical mastery. But that mastery has been gained at the expense of the old idea that man was central in the universe. The laws that he discovers are immediately seen to cover himself and his activities. Particularly the idea of evolution exhibits man as the product of a material environment, struggling with it and his fellows for material goods. Nature becomes, in the words of Schwegler, an unspiritualized mass, and an object for man only as it is subservient to his sensuous greeds and needs.

This situation may be met in various ways. The most logical way, and the one which has been most energetically pushed, is the socialistic doctrine of work. If we accept this doctrine, "Morality becomes altruism, a working for the good of society; art finds no higher task than the sympathetic and accurate representation of social conditions; education endeavors rather to elevate the general level of culture than to develop anything individual." But is there any reason in things for the individual willingly to allow himself thus to be used for the good of the whole, as means and not end? Certainly not on the naturalistic hypothesis. Briefly, Eucken condemns all merely socialistic solutions of the life problem because they first in theory reduce man to an animal (not to put too fine a point upon it) and then call upon him in practice to act as a man and a "soldier of the common good." No, the more logical way of meeting a life situation which is condemned to the realm of nature is to refuse to do other than make the best of things for one's self. This position has also been pretty thoroughly exploited under various forms of æsthetic individualism. In this scheme of life, art is divorced from morality and made supreme. In this view the content of art is set aside as being irrelevant, and form is hailed as its all in all. But form in itself only appeals to the senses, and confers no inner freedom. "Genuine independence is to be found only when the creative work proceeds solely from an inner necessity of the artist's own nature. But this cannot take place unless there is something to say, nay, to reveal. Mere virtuosity knows no such necessity."

Let us glance at one more tendency of the day before passing to the constructive contribution which Eucken makes to the solution of the world problem. That tendency is the pragmatic movement which is at one with Eucken in its reaction against intellectualism, materialism, and mere æstheticism. Pragmatism, of course, would estimate truth by its service to humanity. Does the god idea seem to function well in society? If it does, then a god let us have. In his criticism of this movement Eucken best exhibits his own position. With its insistence upon action as against thought as the primary concern of life, Eucken is in agreement. But obviously pragmatism is humanistic. It cannot go beyond man even when it reaches out to god.

> "When the good of the individual and humanity becomes the highest aim and the guiding principle, truth sinks to the level of a merely utilitarian opinion. This is destructive of inner life. All the power of conviction that truth can possess must disappear the moment it is

seen to be a mere means. . . . Finally, the chief aim and end of pragmatism — the success and enrichment of human life — is as an end by no means free from objection. By human life is here meant civilized life on the broad scale; but in order to regard this life as so surely good, one must be inspired by the optimistic enthusiasm for human culture which was more characteristic of earlier ages than it is of our own. Is this life, when taken as in itself the final thing, really worth all the trouble and excitement, all the work and effort, all the sufferings and sacrifices that it costs?"

Life can only be worth while, thinks Eucken, if there is more in it than pragmatism can guarantee,—only if the life of man be taken up into a realm of reality which transcends the human and is independent of it. This realm is no merely human affair, but represents a new stage in reality into which man, who is, under one aspect, a being of nature, enters and thereby becomes more than a being of nature,—becomes a being having his dependence on, and sustenance from, the eternal itself.

This is the conception which dictates Eucken's stalwart individualism. As against those thinkers who claim that man can only enter into spiritual life as a member of society,—who claim that the emotional lift which the presence of a similarly minded and intentioned crowd gives to each member of it is at once the basis and the end of religion,—Eucken holds that for the individual to lean on crowd or on State is to impoverish himself. Eucken is not an advocate of what he calls "mere individual freedom," as he has for man as a mere "specimen of a species" nothing but contempt. But the mutual relationships of individuals "must proceed from their own personal decision and free agreement." And, "failing this free unity the tendency is more and more for men to fall back on the State." The reason for this is "because the individual, on account of the breaking down of traditional relationships and the thorough insecurity of his own position, yearns after some sort of firm hold, because he wishes to see his existence in some way valued and protected by the whole." And "what shaping of human conditions will result therefrom lies for the time being in profound obscurity." With the cry of democracy for this security, and also for a share in culture, Eucken sympathizes, but in the ability of a democracy to operate in anything but a "vulgarizing, shallowing, narrowing, and negating fashion" unless it be led by strong individualities,—themselves the fruits of spiritual culture,—he has little faith. He sees such a democracy degenerate into a sleek, materialistic type of life which shall be destructive of all spiritual values and hence self-destructive.

We may well admit with Eucken that humanistic culture as it exhibits itself before us to-day is nothing to boast about. We may agree with his denunciations of unmoral art, unspiritual work, and uninspired might of numbers, as means and methods of solving the problems of life. If we do this we must either admit humanity's defeat in its struggle for spiritual existence, or we must accept some such solution of the question as Eucken offers us in his idea of the independent spiritual life. But the reader who reaches this point in agreement with him will be disappointed with the working out of that conception itself. He will wander from volume to volume of Eucken's works looking for a really clear and understandable statement of this life. He will read that it is achievable by man but not created by him, that it is a personal inner world and yet that it is cosmic. The transition to it he will not be able to see. He will probably conclude that Eucken takes it for granted because he feels that we need it. But if the reader is content to give his own interpretation to Eucken's phrase, and to enter rather into Eucken's spirit in uttering it, he will find him not only an efficient guide to the maze of modern life but one who on the whole enables us to transcend the disillusionments to which he exposes us in his critique of our cultural limitations.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The lure of literature from a bookseller's standpoint.

"Written from a life-long knowledge and love of the Bookselling Trade," Mr. Joseph Shaylor's collection of articles entitled "The Fascination of Books, with Other Papers on Books and Bookselling" (Putnam) has a certain practical, observational, time-tested quality that commands the reader's respectful attention and gives him the comfortable feeling of having both feet always on the solid ground. The eighteen chapters deal with questions interesting to book-publishers, book-sellers, and book-readers alike, and are at least partly collected from leading English magazines and reviews and the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The glimpses that the author gives of book-publishing customs in the pre-copyright past (before 1710) impress one with the number and magnitude of the abuses formerly flourishing for the enrichment of the unscrupulous. A popular writer's name became common property, a label affixed by the bookseller at pleasure to any production in order to expedite its sale. The book-trade is not even yet blamelessly conducted, but its progress toward high ethical standards is seen to have been considerable. Mr. Shaylor gives the bookseller no

mean rank. He says: "Booksellers may console themselves by being classed with those who follow literature as a profession, and of whom Froude has said, 'It happens to be the only occupation in which wages are not given in proportion to the goodness of the work done.'" His paper on "Some Old Libraries" might at first glance mislead by its title; it discusses, not libraries as the word is commonly understood, but certain early Victorian series of books, such as the Parlour Library, the Railway Library, the Popular Library of Modern Authors, and others. In a timely chapter on "The Use and Abuse of Book Titles" the author fails to set the seal of his disapproval on that too common abuse whereby the same English or American book appears under different names on the two sides of the Atlantic — a source of vexation to booksellers, as well as to librarians and others, which he doubtless deplores. Another cause of bewilderment to the trade is the heedless ordering of a book by the heading prefixed to a critic's review of it — an inadvertence for which Mr. Shaylor does not blame the reviewer, though he regrets its frequency and the trouble and loss of time it occasions to the busy bookseller. A pleasing portrait of this cultured and courteous English book-connoisseur faces the title-page of his informing and entertaining volume.

The latest Life of Napoleon's first wife.

The perennial interest which has always surrounded everything pertaining to Napoleon clings in no small degree to the name of his first wife, the Empress Josephine, whose career was so closely bound up with his down to 1810, the year of their divorce. The latest narrative of her life is from the pen of Baron de Méneval, published in an English translation by Messrs. Lippincott. It curiously purports to be an "autobiography," and the publishers' announcement states that "the author has set himself the task of justifying, by means of authentic documents in his possession, the evidences of respect and esteem rendered to the memory of the Empress Josephine by the Duke of Reichstadt" (Napoleon's son by Marie Louise of Austria). Notwithstanding the fact that Méneval's sources include many letters and other documents hitherto unpublished, it cannot be said that he has greatly increased the store of information already available and utilized in such popular sketches as those by Miss Ida Tarbell and Miss Harriet A. Guerber, and especially in the standard Life of Josephine by Aubenas (1859). These facts, however, he has re-assembled and added to; and from them he has painted a pleasing picture of the graceful and affectionate woman who held for so long the heart of the world's conqueror. He admits her extravagance and her occasional indiscretions; but he gives her the benefit of every doubt, and reserves his invectives, naturally enough, for Marie Louise, who supplanted her, and for Fouché, the treacherous minister of police, who probably deserves all the odium that has been heaped upon him. Napoleon is treated with great consideration and respect, and is deprived of none of the halo with which most Frenchmen have invested him. The English version, by Mr. D. D. Fraser, is generally smooth and idiomatic; but the proof-reading has been, in some places, very carelessly done. "Antipodes," on page 18, should probably be "Antilles"; and some especially unfortunate slips are found in the first two sentences of the book, in which the heroine is twice referred to by the masculine pronoun, and Louis XVI. is made to do duty for his predecessor.

Some Salem ship-owners of the olden time.

In these days when the old wooden whalers and merchantmen are becoming more and more of a rarity in our New England ports, such a book as Mr. Robert E. Peabody's "Merchant Venturers of Old Salem" (Houghton) serves as a welcome reminder of that vanished era of American ship-building and ocean-voyaging before the whole habitable globe and navigable sea had been made an open and familiar book to every school-boy. In his volume, which is described in its sub-title as "A History of the Commercial Voyages of a New England Family to the Indies and Elsewhere in the XVIII Century," the author traces the business fortunes of the historic Derby family of Salem, and incidentally brings in other shipmasters and navigators, notably Captain Nathaniel Silsbee, Nathaniel Bowditch, and Richard Cleveland, grandfather of President Cleveland. It was Elias Hasket Derby who raised the family name to preëminence in Salem by his mastery of the business of ocean trading, and a picture of the mansion he built for the enjoyment of his later opulent years, after the vexations and losses of Revolutionary times were well in the past, shows him to have been a grandee of more than parochial prominence. Attention is called, in the closing pages, to the debt which our country's growth and prosperity owe to these early ship-owners who pushed their commerce into all parts of the world and made the new nation widely known and respected. A still greater debt, it might have been added, do we owe these enterprising traders for the new thought and wider outlook which they brought into the narrow intellectual life of Puritan New England — a stimulus that had a direct bearing on the educational and religious development of that corner of our country. Mr. Peabody's preface is written at Marblehead, and from this and other indications the book appears to have come into being in the very atmosphere of those traditions it so agreeably hands down to future readers. Its portraits and other illustrations are of peculiar interest.

A Nietzschean conception of Paternalism in government.

Dr. G. T. Wrench, a London physician, in a large book of over five hundred pages entitled "The Mastery of Life" (Kennerley) has written a "review of the history of civilization" with the aim of showing that the conditions under which man has always shown the most positive attitude toward life have always been the conditions of paternalism (which word with

Dr. Wrench is synonymous with Nietzschean aristocracy), and that democracy is a perversion of the civilized mind from which the consciousness of all our men who are fitted to rule must be purged before further progress — or rather before any progress — can be made. Dr. Wrench first gives reviews of the histories and social psychologies of Egypt, Greece, Rome, the Romanesque period, Gothic influences, Germany and England, the Renaissance, the Roman Renaissance, and Dutch and Saxon Art. Presumably, in these historic sketches, the author resists any temptation to be guided in his necessarily partial selection of facts and aspects by his preconceived thesis. Coming down to later times, he characterizes our progress since the industrial revolution of the early nineteenth century as a "Gadarene progress" and devotes a chapter to showing it up as such. In many ways, it has been just that; but unfortunately Dr. Wrench seems unable to separate the Gadarene from the divine elements in this immediately past and contemporary drama. Pragmatism, for instance, he attacks as a "dollar philosophy," and he accuses Professor James of "naively" saying that every idea has a dollar value. Of course, James never said this, and the expression he did use, "cash value," was very carefully guarded and explicitly limited to values which were of the spirit. The fact that so much of Dr. Wrench's indictment of democracy is true, is simply due to the fact that the industrial revolution threw the government of things into the people's hands before any system of philosophy had succeeded in giving us a new set of moral values. To turn away from democracy at this date, and especially to turn to a crude interpretation of what Nietzsche may or may not have meant — for Nietzsche was a mystic who spoke in parables — is impossible. The hope of the future lies in clearly thinking out the problems of democracy and embracing them in a consistent world-view which will again exhibit moral values in a supreme light. This, of course, is just what Dr. Wrench tries to do, except that he begins by denying democracy. Pragmatism, on the other hand, is an attempt to do this, by mediating spiritual values to democracy. If this can be done democracy is safe. But if there is no basis in reality for spiritual values but only merely subjective and æsthetic base, then we are not sure but that Dr. Wrench has made good his case against democracy. But in this latter case, his criterion of aristocracy, abjuring as it does mere fitness to survive as being a criterion of good, may be found difficult to establish.

An English outline of German literature.

When Professor J. G. Robertson condensed his "History of German Literature" (Blackwood, 1902) of fifty chapters and 635 pages into the present "Outlines of the History of German Literature" (Putnam) of twenty-five chapters and 320 pages, he gave irrefutable testimony to the wisdom of Goethe's verse: "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister." The index of the original work tabulates eight hundred proper names and 260 topics and authorless works; that of the abridgment tabulates five hundred of the former and 160 of the latter. But Professor Robertson has not simply deleted; he has rearranged, abridged his remarks on the great writers, omitted some of the lesser ones entirely, eliminated quotations and notes, added chronological tables of important events and works from the consecration of Wulfilas as Bishop of the Visigoths (341) to the death of Nietzsche (1900), and, what is very pleasing to the reader, completely reworded the whole. The tables, to be sure, add but little to those of Professor Nollen in the "Lake German Series," but their connection with the preceding text greatly increases their value. Barring a few instances of incorrect syllabification at the end of lines (pages 244, 251, 256), there are no faith-shaking misprints. The book abounds in first instances and superlatives: "Ludwigslied" (881) is the first German ballad, "Ruodlieb" (1030) the first German romance, Dietmar von Aist has given us the first German "Tagelied"; "Der arme Heinrich" is one of the most charming idylls in mediæval literature, Gyburg is the finest of all Wolfram's women, Murner is the most unscrupulous satirist in the whole range of German literature, Annette von Droste has written the finest German religious poetry of the nineteenth century, Nietzsche was the most gifted writer of the last generation, and so on through a very long list. The recapitulations and transitions are presented with really artistic skill. The language, generally clear, is at times queer,— there are readers who do not like such expressions as "led to them being considered." The critical opinions are, on the whole, the result of sympathetic scholarship.

Up from the slums.

In a tone of simple sincerity that holds the attention from the start, the author of "One of the Multitude" (Dodd) tells the story of his painful struggle upward from slum life in East-End London to respectability and comparative prosperity. Absolute truth in every detail except proper names is vouched for by the writer, who calls himself George Acorn, and by his literary sponsor, Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, who contributes a thoughtful introduction touching on some of the social problems suggested by the narrative. It is just such a heart-stirring and thought-evoking chronicle as that with which Mr. George Meek, under the sponsorship of Mr. H. G. Wells, arrested the attention of the English-reading world two years ago. The confessions of a cockney Owen Kildare, the publishers not unfitly call the book, — "a human document that compels attention from its grim fidelity to the life it describes." The wonder of it all is that one born and reared amid such degrading surroundings could have not only conceived the possibility of things so much higher and better, but remained true to that early vision until it began to assume some sort of blessed reality. The heart-breaking struggle to attain to this reality is told with

an unconscious art that makes the book a veritable work of literature. A high ideal, a firm will, and a sense of humor seem to have been important factors in the ultimate working-out of the writer's salvation through his own independent efforts. Much also he must have owed to his love of reading: Dickens and George Eliot he especially mentions among those whose books furnished him a refuge from the hateful realities of his material environment. Cabinet-making, chosen by him as his trade in early youth and followed with industry and skill, was the ladder by which he climbed at last to the possession of a pleasant home and family, with cheering hopes for the future. Again we have illustrated in this unpretentious history the familiar truth that no human life, if faithfully related, can prove devoid of very real and living interest.

A treatise on Comparative Anatomy.

The presentation of comparative anatomy is a task demanding an extensive and lucid terminology of technical terms, great skill in graphic presentation of the complicated structural interrelations of parts, and a logical marshalling of the seemingly endless array of data so that the reader is conscious of his progress through the subject. These requirements of a clear-cut terminology, of illustrations which really portray relations, and of logical presentation characterize Professor J. S. Kingsley's "Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates" (Blakiston). The illustrations are unusually numerous, clear, and well-labelled; they are mainly original, and specially devised to illustrate the text. Many stereograms are employed, with excellent results, to express in contour the relations of organs. A little more accent and contrast, bolder utilization of heavy lines, and more care in the use of the blender upon shaded surfaces would have greatly improved some of these otherwise excellent drawings. The author pays especial attention to the vertebrate skull, an excellent *motif* from the standpoint either of comparative anatomy or of pedagogy. The use of bold-face type for technical terms will greatly enhance the value of the book as a work of reference, as will also the exceptionally complete index and extensive bibliography. The volume is a welcome and excellent addition to the list of American biological text-books and works of reference.

American associations in Paris.

The remark of M. Carnot, late President of the French Republic, that "Chaque homme a deux pays, le sein et la France," indicates a frame of mind which is very general and which has given rise to a multitude of books dealing with things French. Some of these volumes have been solid contributions to the subject, some have been entertaining, some have been both solid and entertaining; but Mr. John Joseph Conway's "Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris" (Lane) is, candidly, neither the one nor the other. One derives the impression that a host of Americans have left traces in Paris, but that they made no footprints distinct enough to be worth recording in a sumptuously bound, printed, and illustrated volume. A painstaking search among standard biographies and a few somewhat more esoteric sources reveals little that is significant or even diverting. Love affairs, when Americans were so obliging as to involve themselves in more or less harmless *liaisons*, are utilized to the full; so are the bristling idiosyncracies of Whistler. But, in general, distinguished Americans seem to have gone soberly about their business in Paris, and there is consequently little material for the book. As a result, the author is driven to include not only divers Americans who are so far from famous that a normally intelligent reader has never heard of them, but such "Americans" as Tom Paine and La Fayette, who are lugged in willy-nilly. Moreover, even when the man under consideration is undeniably famous and an American, the writing is often irrelevant,—as when we are told that Longfellow died of peritonitis in Craigie House, Cambridge. Irrelevancies and small talk abound, varied by pages of quotation, or by passages of dull record and unsavory anecdote. The book cannot be called a contribution to anything; nor is it interesting, save in the sense that a vaudeville performance is interesting.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The attempt to reinstate the lore, or resurrect the lure, of an earlier or a foreign mysticism in the language or the thought or the environment of a modern time and clime is a vain and not wholly innocent pursuit. This is particularly the case with such a work as Dr. Rudolf Steiner's "The Gates of Knowledge" (Putnam). The "gates" seem futile either to exclude or to inclose, for the admittance is to a realm of subjective vacuity, with stage directions that but emphasize the unreality. To what manner of stranded soul or detached spirit such immersion in an artificial compound of the volatile deposits of occult procedures brings satisfaction or conviction, it is difficult to conjecture. Nevertheless, that those who like it take to it is evident to the esoteric as well as to the practical mind.

It is strange that we have had to wait so long for an American edition of Mr. Edward Carpenter's volume of poems, "Towards Democracy." This work, first published (in England) in 1883, has long exercised a powerful influence with an ever-widening circle of American readers. In form it inevitably suggests Whitman, and there is a marked resemblance in spirit also,—the younger poet has more than a little of the elder's cosmic comprehensiveness, his imperturbable faith in nature and humanity, his wide unhampered vision. But, as Carpenter himself says, "Towards Democracy" shines with a milder radiance than "Leaves of Grass,"—"as of the moon compared with the sun." It is more subdued and reflective, and associates itself far more intimately with the actual social conditions of to-day. The worst thing about the book is its title, which has doubtless misled and deterred many readers. The American edition now published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley is attractive in form,—though we think many readers will prefer the compact little English volume on thin paper. Two photogravure portraits of the author are included.

NOTES.

"Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," by Mr. Robert W. Service, author of "The Spell of the Yukon," will be published soon by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

One of the most important publications of the present month will be Senator La Follette's Autobiography, which Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. are issuing.

"The Financier," by Mr. Theodore Dreiser, and "The Net" by Mr. Rex Beach, are two novels of especial interest on Messrs. Harper's October list.

Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, author of several boys' books and scientific works, has in press with Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. a poetic drama entitled "Nimrod."

Mr. John Stuart Thomson, author of "The Chinese," has recently completed a new work entitled "Revolutionized China," which will appear toward the end of this year.

A new story by Mr. E. M. Dell, author of "The Way of an Eagle," will be published next year by Messrs. Putnam under the title, "The Knave of Diamonds."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a new novel, which "The Century Magazine" will publish serially this year. Mrs. Burnett has named her story "T. Tembarom."

In "A Book of Discovery," which Messrs. Putnam will publish shortly, Mr. M. B. Synge, F.R.Hist.S., gives an account of exploration from the earliest times to the finding of the South Pole.

An extended biography of James Fenimore Cooper, based in part on material never before utilized, has been prepared by Miss Mary E. Phillips, and will soon be published by John Lane Co.

It is reported that M. Romain Rolland has just completed the tenth and concluding volume of his novel, "Jean Christophe," and that it will appear shortly in Paris under the title of "Nouvelle Journée."

"The Union of South Africa," by Mr. W. Basil Worsfold, formerly editor of the Johannesburg "Star," will appear shortly in the "All Red British Empire Series," published in this country by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.

The series of articles on "Making a Business Woman," by Anne Shannon Monroe, which have been appearing in the "Saturday Evening Post," will be published this month in book form, with some added matter, by Messrs. Holt.

"Plays and Players of Modern Italy," by Mr. Addison McLeod, is announced by Messrs. Charles H. Sergel & Co. A new volume by Mr. William Norman Guthrie, "The Vital Study of Literature, and Other Essays," will be published by the same firm.

The collected works of Richard Middleton, a young English writer of considerable promise whose recent tragic death has been widely commented upon, will be published shortly by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley in two volumes, one of poems and another of stories.

M. Pierre Loti, who is now in New York directing the production of his new play, "The Daughter of Heaven," has engaged to contribute to the "Century" a record of his impressions of New York, and they will appear in an early number of the magazine.

The authorized translation, prepared by Mr. T. E. Hulme, of M. Henri Bergson's "Introduction to Metaphysics" is announced by Messrs. Putnam. In this little volume the author explains with a thoroughness not attempted in his other books the precise meaning he wishes to convey by the word "intuition." The present edition has been prepared under the supervision of M. Bergson, and contains additions made by him.

A fresh collection of Lady Gregory's Irish plays is announced by Messrs. Putnam. Its title is "New Comedies," and the names of the five plays to be included are "The Bogie Man," "The Full Moon," "Coats," "Damer's Gold," and "McDonough's Wife."

Professor Philip Van Ness Myers, whose textbooks on ancient history have long been standard, has recently devoted himself to the ethical aspects of history and now has in preparation a volume entitled "History as Past Ethics," which Messrs. Ginn & Co. will publish soon.

A volume of "German Memoirs" by Mr. Sidney Whitman, a prominent English journalist, will be issued at once by Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Whitman's recollections of German personalities and affairs cover a period beginning in 1859 and coming down nearly to the present day.

Publication in book form of Miss Mary S. Watts's new novel, "Van Cleve and his Friends," which was announced for this Fall by the Macmillan Co., has been postponed for at least a year to permit of its serial appearance in "The Atlantic Monthly," beginning in the December issue.

General Morris Schaff's vivid papers on "The Sunset of the Confederacy," which have been appearing in "The Atlantic Monthly" during the past few months, are soon to be published in book form by Messrs. John W. Luce & Co. This firm also announces "Nietzsche and Art," by Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici.

Miss Agnes C. Laut, author of "Canada, the Empire of the North," etc., is about to publish a volume on the Southwest of the United States. It will be called "Through Our Unknown Southwest," and will include a discussion of the influence upon trade development likely to be effected by the Panama Canal.

"The Girlhood of Queen Victoria," being extracts from her private diary from 1832 to 1840, edited by Viscount Esher, is announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. This firm will also publish a volume on "Railway Rates and Regulations" by Dr. William Z. Ripley, and a new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin.

Among the books to be published by Messrs. Harper this month are the following: "Armaments and Arbitration," by Rear-Admiral A. T. Mahan; "In the Courts of Memory," the Parisian recollections of an American woman, Madame L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone; "Your United States," by Mr. Arnold Bennett; and "The Ways of the Planets," by Martha Evans Martin.

Two travel books of especial interest, to appear before long, are Captain Roald Amundsen's "The Conquest of the South Pole," and Dr. Sven Hedin's "From Pole to Pole." Captain Amundsen gives a full account of his successful attempt to reach the South Pole in the "Fram," while Dr. Sven Hedin not only deals with his own journeys of exploration, but also records those of Livingstone, Stanley, and Gordon.

Bradford Torrey, a popular writer about birds and flowers, and the author of many books of nature-studies, died October 7 at Santa Barbara, California, within two days of his sixty-ninth birthday. He was born in 1843 in Weymouth, Massachusetts. Of late years, he has been one of the editors of "The Youth's Companion." Among his books are "Birds in the

Bush," "A Rambler's Lease," "The Foot-path Way," "A Florida Sketch-book," "Spring Notes from Tennessee," "A World of Green Hills," and "Friends on the Shelf."

At the time of his death, Mr. Andrew Lang was preparing for press a book entitled "Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown." Mr. Lang having observed "with pain, that the controversy has hitherto been passionate and acrimonious, endeavours to treat the problem with sweet reasonableness, and if possible, with persuasive urbanity." He believes he has been able to demonstrate "that neither Bacon nor Bungay, but William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, was the unassisted author of the plays ascribed to him." Messrs. Longmans hope to publish Mr. Lang's book during the coming month.

The Reverend Walter William Skeat, the famous philologist of Cambridge, died in London on the seventh of October. Born in 1835, and educated at Cambridge, he occupied a curacy for a time before he took up the work of teaching in his alma mater. His first work in editing was done for Furnivall's Early English Text Society, and was concerned with "Lancelot of the Laik," "Piers Plowman," "The Bruce," Chaucer, and the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Gospels. In 1873, he founded the English Dialect Society, and became its president. Numerous publications on the subject of English phonetics and philology made him one of the foremost authorities in those fields. In his late years, he associated himself with the company of those who chase the will-o'-the-wisp of spelling reform.

The other arts have their palaces and their periodicals; poetry alone "has been left to shift for herself in a world unaware of its immediate and desperate need of her." These words of Miss Harriet Monroe's indicate the motive which has impelled her to plead Cinderella's cause, and act as fairy godmother to the neglected child. The coach-and-four provided for her triumphant progress takes the form of a little monthly magazine entitled "Poetry," the contents being chiefly original verse, although space is found for a few pages of apposite prose in the form of editorial comment and critical appraisement. The venture is supported by a hundred persons who have enough faith in it to pledge subscriptions of fifty dollars each annually for five years, in consequence whereof its existence for that period seems assured. "We hope," says Miss Monroe, "to offer our subscribers a place of refuge, a green isle in the sea, where Beauty may plant her gardens, and Truth, austere revealer of joy and sorrow, of hidden delights and despairs, may follow her brave quest unafraid." Prizes are offered for the best poem and the best epigram printed during the first year, and an offer has been made by an amateur organization to produce the best play in verse submitted during that period. The thirty-two pages of the first issue give us contributions from four living poets, not noticeably better than the verse printed in the general magazines of the better sort. The issue is given distinction, however, by a long poem, "I Am the Woman," printed in advance from the forthcoming edition of the works of William Vaughn Moody (whose name is here consistently misspelled every time it is used). Such a poem as this would justify any magazine venture. Although good poetry rarely finds any difficulty in getting printed, we will confess to a certain satisfaction in the fact that it now has an organ of its own.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 224 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, 476 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

In the Courts of Memory, 1858-1875: From Contemporary Letters. Illustrated, 8vo, 450 pages. Harper & Brothers. $2. net.

T. De Witt Talmage as I Knew Him. By T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., with concluding chapters by Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage. Illustrated, 8vo, 439 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. net.

Anson Burlingame, and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers. By Frederick Wells Williams. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 370 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2. net.

Peter Ramus, and the Educational Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. By Frank Pierrepont Graves. With portrait, 12mo, 226 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate: Being Reminiscences and Recollections of the Right Reverend Henry Benjamin Whipple, D.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 576 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Sidney Dark. Illustrated in color, 18mo, 71 pages. "Little Books on Great Writers." Cassell & Co., Ltd.

HISTORY.

Causes and Effects in American History: The Story of the Origin and Development of the Nation. By Edwin W. Morse. Illustrated, 12mo, 302 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Beginnings of San Francisco, from the Expedition of Anza, 1774, to the City Charter of April 15, 1850. By Zoeth Skinner Eldredge. In 2 volumes; illustrated, 8vo. Published by the author. $7. net.

The Old Irish World. By Alice Stopford Green. 8vo, 197 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

History of London. By Helen Douglas-Irvine. Illustrated, large 8vo, 396 pages. James Pott & Co. $3. net.

Washington and Lincoln: Leaders of the Nation in the Constitutional Eras of American History. By Robert W. McLaughlin. With photogravure portraits, 8vo, 278 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

The Campaign in Manchuria, 1904 to 1905: Second Period, The Decisive Battles, 22nd Aug. to 17th Oct., 1904. By Captain F. R. Sedgwick. With maps in pockets, 12mo, 347 pages. "Special Campaign Series." Macmillan Co.

The Real Authorship of the Constitution of the United States Explained. 4to, 87 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

J. M. Synge: A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 215 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

The Fascination of Books, with Other Papers on Books and Bookselling. By Joseph Shaylor. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 357 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers. By Lionel Johnson; edited by Thomas Whittemore. 12mo, 307 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $2. net.

Gateways to Literature, and Other Essays. By Brander Matthews. 12mo, 296 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

A History of English Prose Rhythm. By George Saintsbury. Large 8vo, 489 pages. Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

The Verse of Greek Comedy. By John Williams White. 8vo, 479 pages. Macmillan Co. $4. net.

The Spirit of French Letters. By Mabell S. C. Smith. 12mo, 374 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers. By Lord Redesdale. 8vo, 344 pages. John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Literary Hearthstones of Dixie. By La Salle Corbell Pickett. Illustrated, 8vo, 305 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

Spenser's Shepherd's Calender in Relation to Contemporary Affairs. By James Jackson Higginson, Ph.D. 8vo, 364 pages. Columbia University Press. $1.50 net.

Lord Byron as a Satirist in Verse. By Claude M. Fuess, Ph.D. 12mo, 228 pages. Columbia University Press. $1.25 net.

Stories of Shakespeare's English History Plays. By H. A. Guerber. Illustrated, 12mo, 315 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

The History of the Chorus in the German Drama. By Elsie Winifred Helmrich, Ph.D. 8vo, 95 pages. Columbia University Press. $1. net.

Artemus Ward's Best Stories. Edited by Clifton Johnson; with Introduction by W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Frank A. Nankivell. 8vo, 275 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.40 net.

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